

National Anti-Slavery Standard

VOL. XXIX. NO. 5.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

WHOLE NO. 1,461.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

AARON M. POWELL, Editor.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Special Editorial Contributor.

For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY EVENING SESSION.—MAY 13TH, 1868.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. Chairman.—The value of the Anti-Slavery platform for thirty years has been in the utter freedom of its comparison of views. Speaking extemporaneously, as all of us do, we naturally see directly before us the idea we wish to express, and are often heedless of the possible misunderstanding, or of the limitation or exception which we ought to make in a statement of a truth. So in regard to all the topics incidentally touched in any speech, it is impossible that a man should always so graduate his phrases, and so guard the exact terms of his expression as to prevent every possibility of mistake. I remember the first speech that I ever made in this city, many, many years ago, at an Anti-Slavery meeting, when the discussion was on the Constitution of the United States, upon which I undertook to express the opinion that it did not intend to guard the rights of the black race on this continent, but to subject them, helpless, unprotected, unshielded, to the mercy, and not to the justice of the white race. But in expressing it I gave so great offence to the colored men in the audience that a committee waited upon me at the close of the meeting to know whether I really meant that the colored race on this continent had no right to the protection of law. (Laughter.) Well, whether it was my fault in the hurry of a young man's extemporaneous address, or whether it was the over sensitiveness of a race that were obliged to guard so vigilantly every admission made for or against them, it does not matter now to consider. So in every reference that we make to collateral questions, questions that lie side by side with our own, it is impossible always to spare the time for a full explanation of one's news. A friend should not hold us guilty of a hurried word, of a half expression, of an ill-considered description. We should be taken in totality. It is the old question, which stirred the Orthodox pulpit of New England, whether every sermon should contain the whole gospel, so that no single hearer, if he never heard another address, should go away without hearing the whole counsel of God. (Laughter.) Of course, there were two sides to the question, and there are two sides to this question. I made a reference this morning to the influence of woman. I spoke of the intrigues at Washington. I said that one of the elements which turned away the action of the Senate was not above board, political causes, issues, ambitions, it was the indirect, hidden cause and jealousy of women. Well, any man who knows Washington, knows that there is every man familiar with the history of Government, knows that the statesmanship of France has knelt for thirty years at the feet of the King's mistress. Everybody knows that as long ago as the time of Demosthenes it was a proverb that what it took statesmanship forty years to effect a woman could overturn in a day; and it was to that sphere in woman's influence that I alluded when I said that a woman enjoyed now an influence, I think I said, as large, or about as large, or nearly as large, as the ballot would give her, and I think she does. But the difficulty is that it is not an equal influence. It is wielded by the lady of the Fifth avenue, the intriguer of the White House, or the Countess that comes there upon trap Napoleon. But what we want for the woman of France and of this country is protection to all her rights in the broad surface, and nothing can give that but the ballot. (Applause.) But when I allude to this other indirect, hidden channel as potent beyond most men's suspicion, certainly I am justified in the allusion, if it needs justification, when I quote the foremost woman of our days who has written on this question, the wife of Stuart Mill, who, as long ago as 1850, in the article which first summoned the mind of Europe to the consideration of this question, said: "What we deny is not that woman has influence, but it is hidden, it is indirect, it is irresponsible influence. We want influence upon which you can fix responsibility; we want influence which you can summon up to judgment and make it obey conscience; we want an above-board, a direct, a public, a recognized influence like that of political rights."

Now one word in regard to another topic to which my friend very kindly alludes the protection of white and black women. Of course, every man who has ever deemed it worth while to know what I thought on any subject might have known, with the greatest ease, that so far as suffrage is concerned, there never has been an hour, in which I have denied the natural right of woman to the ballot, or the immediate necessity of claiming it for her. (Applause.) I do not mean that there has ever been an opportunity offered me of which I have not availed myself to urge that claim. But it is a question of where; it is a question of when. I have been charged, most unjustly, with saying that the woman question must wait. I never uttered any such phrase in any such meaning as has been quoted. You cannot, scrutinized as you will, find any utterance where I have ever said that one cause must give way to another, or one truth must be compromised in order to help another. (Applause.) But why did our friends go to Kansas last Fall. Why does George Wm. Curtis make that most elegant and eloquent address to the New York Convention, on a particular day? He makes it for this reason—because on that day the woman question is the question in order. Suppose he should make it when the tax levy is in order, would it be appropriate? Suppose I should go to Kansas to-day and argue the woman question there, would it be fitting? There is no Convention there; there is no question at hand and foot. Why do I go to Massachusetts and argue temperance now? Because the question is at foot. It is like a man sailing to England. He gets into the Gulf Stream. Why should he not? God created the facility, and he avails himself of it. All I have ever said is this: The Gulf Stream in American politics to-day is the negro question, and every ship that undertakes to reach the port of Liverpool on that undertaking gets into it. (Applause.) But I do not say that no ship can sail to the Azores; I do not say that no bark shall steer for the Cape of Good Hope; I do not say that steamers shall not go to Panama. I only say, "You who are going to Liverpool, get into the Gulf Stream." So, you who are interested to-day in the negro question, avail yourselves of the wind; put the keel of your vessel as deep as possible into the current which God gives you in this epoch—the negro epoch. I would not let the woman question wait a day; I would not silence my lips an hour; I would not keep one dollar due to it hidden from active service an instant. (Applause.) Every one of us has his own call, his own force, his own happiest facility in arguing a question. I have friends at home who could not speak on this platform, but who are eloquent on temperance; why should I drag them here, into stammering or dumbness? God touched their lips for a kindred question. God speed them in it! There are other friends sitting here, whose hearts are all aglow on the

woman question, and while they utter no word against our movement, but give us the heartiest God-speed and the right hand of an intimate and sympathetic fellowship, they stand themselves square on their own pedestal. God help them to stand! There is no antagonism. The only question is, will you mix? Will you load down our bark with the whole cargo? No, I will put it into separate bottoms. I will put the woman's question into the Equal Rights Association, and I will pour into it all the prayers and blessing and all the material aid which God calls on my conscience to give in that direction; and then I will put the Anti-Slavery cause into another, and by keeping them separate, I shall secure greater efficiency to both.

This platform is the negro's, and it is not my fault that this hour is the negro's. In ten years, in five years, perhaps in three, it may be the woman's. But Gettysburg and Atlanta were not fought on the woman question. (Applause.) Grant did not win his laurels fighting for woman's right to the ballot. What makes every drop of blood in the American frame hot to-day is the lowering of the negro question. We cannot help it. All we have got to do is to get into the Gulf Stream. God made it, and heated it. So, on this platform, if I refer to the woman question, I refer to it incidentally. It is only now and then that through human infirmity it ever slips from my mind a moment. Last night, in speaking of O'Connell—the child of a far different civilization than ours, a lawyer, conservative from his long training, and certainly from his Catholic faith—I meant to have stated, but it slipped my mind at the appropriate place in the catalogue of his qualities, that when we brought up the Woman Question in the World's Convention in London, in 1840, and half a dozen Americans timidly opened their lips to dare Europe to its discussion, the first European tongue that hailed us was that of Daniel O'Connell. (Loud applause.) He uttered his eloquent and most earnest protest against the narrowness of London and the London press, when they crowded us out of our rights in that Convention. This question ought, of course, never to be forgotten; but I would not be like Cato, and end every question, even on the taxation of grain, with the Latin adage, "and therefore, *Delenda est Carthago*—Carthage must be destroyed." I would not begin with the question whether colored men should be taught the alphabet, and say, "and therefore, women should have the ballot." There is a fitness in things; there is a logic in the human mind; there is a method in the law of Heaven. The brain used to be thought one great mass of pulp, and surgeons thought you could slice it down as you would a jelly; but Gall and Spurzheim showed that you could take the brain and carefully insert it into a system of fibres, radiating each from a common centre, but each distinct, and each distinctive of a separate power. So it is in reforms. They are not one great mass. They radiate from a common centre of justice and conscience, but they radiate, and a careful man cannot then see exactly where they go right and left, separate them as God separates them, and argue each of them on its own basis, not our Conscience into Time, our Time into Science, or Ostracism into Memory.

This is my explanation, so far as it needs explanation, of the position I occupy here. This platform established in 1833, is devoted exclusively to putting the colored race where the white race stands; nothing else—nothing less—nothing more. And to my excellent and eloquent and kindly critic who has just taken her seat, and whom I thank for this opportunity, I would say, the law of marriage, which makes a woman's child and her person subject to the irresponsible control of her husband, is a hideous and monstrous enormity, which ought to be stricken out of all civilized law. (Loud applause.) As Lord Brougham said, long ago, in England, "The common law of England, in regard to woman, is a disgrace to civilization." Of course it is. But it is not the black woman alone who suffers. I have set by the side now of one, and now another, and now a third white woman, in the city of Boston, who has seen her child shut up, dying of consumption, from its mother's eyes, until the father laid it away, unseen by its tenderest parent, in the grave. Neither statute book, nor law, nor entreaty on bended knees, could gain for that delicately nurtured white mother the sight of her child. That is the law of Massachusetts. It is a hideous law; and when these black women of Carolina are lifted to the level of Massachusetts white women, then, at all times, and ever forward to the goal, I will protest, as I ever have, from 1838 until to-day, against atrocity; but I shall not go aside from the Anti-Slavery platform in order to mingle the marriage question, or the power of the husband over the wife, with it.

Enough of that. One word in regard to some remarks of Col. Higginson, for which also I thank him. I did not mean to be understood as denying brains to the South. As the Englishman said to Bonaparte, when he lay at St. Helena and told how Wellington ought not to have defeated him, "It is not a very gracious task to criticize the tactics of the man who whipped you." So it would be a very ungracious and foolish thing for the North to say of the South, that she mastered us upon 1861, that it has no brains. It would only make us out extremely idiotic. (Laughter.) Certainly, I never intended to say that the South had no brains. What I meant to say (and I thought I made myself measurably plain) was, that the South had no business brains. It was the movement of a hundred million bushels of wheat from Chicago, or the movement of one thousand million feet of lumber from that central market, to which I alluded. It was the great system of exchange; it was the management of our magnificent industrial resources, which absorbs four-fifths of our brains; it was the Yankee element, against which the South rebelled. The Yankee is not a warrior; he is a creator. The South never took a patent. The relations of the North and South are the relations of Holland and Spain. Charles the Fifth and the Duke of Alon, Philip the Second and his staff of soldiers crushed out Holland under their military mailed heel. Where is the power of Spain to-day? Deceitful and humiliated. But that Holland, by the vigor of her active mechanic brain, made the Hague the centre of Europe, of civilization, of Christianity, of literature, of law, for two hundred years. Holland is the New England of history, and Spain is the South of history. It was a long half century before the mechanical ingenuity of Holland made headway against the sword of Spain; but the might of God's justice and its own inherent emptiness covers Spain with decrepitude, as she stands to-day, and the inherent vigor of freedom kept Holland in the van of Europe for centuries. What I wanted to say this morning was, the battle is over. Those guns to which my friend alluded—stolen from England, for the South never made them—were laid up in the armory. The question to-day is, what will feed the South; who will build its railroads; who will manage its mercantile houses; who will make it comfortable; who will give it the facilities of the Nineteenth Century—telegraphs, commerce, literature, schools, locomotives, all that makes the civilization of the country? What I said to-day, and repeat, is, the South never has for thirty years, in a general sense, produced a man whose intellect even *formed* in that direction. She would have counted it a disgrace to her gentility if it had. The South never can be reconstructed until that element enters it. Since 1861, she has banished it. The reason why she starves to-day is because she does not allow that element there. The riot at New Orleans, turbulence, assassination, confiscated capital, have frightened away the wealth and the business men of the country. Capital never ventures down there. The reason why I know the South is not ready for reconstruction is not because Phil Sheridan says to the Mayor of Boston, when he comes there, "Sir, I never saw anything loyal at the South that was not covered by a black skin." It is not because Grant says Texas must be ruled by the sword, I have a great deal better evidence than that. The South is bankrupt. Sherman spread his wings fifty miles broad, and swept her clean. She knows that to-day she cannot move without that great motive power of the Nineteenth Century—capital. She knows her wheels will not begin to move until she gets a thousand million dollars. Why does she

not get it? There is not a better place to make money on the surface of the globe—Australia, with her gold mines, Nevada with all her silver crags, are barren sands compared with the South. The locked-up, idle wealth of London and New York, why does it not go there? It aches to go there. Why does it not go? A great many years ago, when we had Disunion Conventions here and at the South, Webster said to the timid Senate: "Don't let the funds of the nation have varied the tenth of one per cent. Capital is the most alert, sagacious, far-sighted and vigilant element in the Nineteenth Century. Capital is not frightened." It was a good argument, and it is just as good to-day. The most alert, sagacious, far-sighted and vigilant element in the Nineteenth Century sees that the South is not ready for reconstruction, has not a law-abiding population. How do I prove that? Because there is not a corporation, nor a State, nor a man south of Mason and Dixon's line, who or who can borrow a thousand dollars in any part of the world. It is because you can send Alabama to London or Frankfurt, New York or Boston, and she cannot contract a loan. The reason is, capital does not trust her. It will not go there. I will tell you when the South is ready for reconstruction ninety days before that dawdling Senate finds it out. The capitalist will be down there, making fifty per cent. a month, long before Henry Wilson suspects he has gone. (Laughter and applause.)

This question is, to-day, mainly an industrial question. Governments grow, they are not built, like this hall. Twelve men own half Scotland; one hundred men own one half England. You cannot make anything but a monarchy of England and Scotland, if you multiply John Brights by the million. Massachusetts is owned by the men on its soil, and you might cover it with Andrew Johnsons and you could not make it anything else but a Republic (applause), because the very elements that make a Republican government are there. This is, I repeat, an industrial question to-day. You have got to create the elements out of which governments grow. Here is the black race. It is a sensible race; it is a shrewd race, its brains have been worked, trained into education. Making its own living has skill. It is the black man has no capital; he has no prestige. He is a good statesman. I do not call statesmanship having three titles to your name, and sitting up at Washington in a velvet chair. (Laughter.) Statesmanship is understanding your own times, knowing what it needs, seeing through its cloud, feeling instinctively the inspirations about you; and did not the black race do that? On this question of suffrage I would trust the laboring men of the North more than I would the scholars. There are a great many more statesmen in mechanic's shops than in Harvard College. (Applause.) The men who have studied four languages, and do not know what bread is made of, or how to make it, are not comparable to the laboring men who walk in the necessities that go to make up his sustenance. For all practical purposes he can be more wisely trusted with suffrage. We do not go down to the bottom and comprehend the meaning of universal suffrage. If universal suffrage is a sustainable theory, it rests upon the idea, that the ordinary instincts and common training of life are a basis sufficient to bear up the heavy working of Republican machinery. The man who does not believe it had better go to Russia. The idea of an educational qualification for suffrage is a denial of the inherent idea hidden under it. (Applause.) So of the black race. I quite agree with Col. Higginson, of course, that fifty thousand men, if you choose, in the South, are trained men, cultivated men. Aristocracies always make such. The aristocracy of France could have carried its banners to Gibraltar or Vienna, but they could not invent a sewing machine, or manage a great mercantile enterprise. It is necessary for men to live in comfort, and the black men of the South understand the rights and limitations which go to make up a proper and just government, and I would rather trust the future of this Continent to the good sense of the black race, as a mass, than to the white race of the South, taking out fifty thousand of their men. And yet I go for universal suffrage. I hold that the rights of government can be vindicated only on the theory that every man subject to it has the right to a voice in it. Hence suffrage is the natural right of every sane, adult person, male or female, black or white, until forfeited by crime. I know no sure way of securing to any individual his rights, except by giving him, personally, the power to assert and protect them. Hence no citizen is safe without the right of suffrage. I consider government, literature, commerce, religion, as Humboldt says, only "God's scaffolding, to build up a man." Education of men is the final cause and apology for the existence of all these bands and limitations. Hence the value of universal suffrage. It makes each individual dangerous until education makes him wise. This peril takes hold of all the dominant elements of society—wealth, wisdom, power, office—and makes them selfily vigilant to see that each individual of these dangerous classes is educated. For every man I have claimed the ballot for each person, wise or ignorant, rich or poor, not as an end; but as a means. The ballot-box is the corner-stone of the common school house. Better suffer the temporary evil of ignorant voting—the highway to wisdom, since responsibility educates masses—than vegetate like one of the European monarchies, glittering, heartless, sin for the upper stratum, animal stupidity for the lower.

But all this aside. I am fully of the faith that the masses of this land, educated by want and toil, are a safer and wiser class to exercise political power than the class which claims to be educated; men who know not what bread is made of, and powerless to earn it. If education—the skill use of our faculties, well trained—is to be the test of fitness for voting, the laboring classes of the North will answer to that test better than the scholars; the negro of the South will stand it infinitely better than nine-tenths of the Southern white race. The negro brain has at least toiled itself into training. Work, getting his living honestly by the sweat of his brow, has made a man of him, a thinking, planning, skillful being. Stealing his living from other men, and melting his manhood out in debauchery or shattering it away in sham politics or more idle sport, has left the white man the mere lees of an intellectual race.

I would put into the Constitution a guarantee of the common school system. And here I come to a new topic. The war has been at once a fearful and a noble revelation of national character. The feeling with which its great events are regarded will always be the measure of the nation's virtue. Gettysburg and Atlanta, New Orleans and Johnson's attempted impeachment, are no matters of vulgar triumph. They are precious evidence of the strenuous virtue of a high-minded and right-meaning people. So of Andersonville and Libby Prison. These terrible memories should ever be kept a living element in the nation's thought. How all the wretchedness that the weary earth has seen or dreamed in its long ages, sinks in comparison with them! All the black pages of history; the massacres at Glencoe; that of the Huguenots; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedfellow Jerusalem gave example; all these become every-day events in the sickening presence of Andersonville and Libby Prison. We should stand forever humbled before the world that our race and nation gave birth to the fiends who inflicted those tortures; and, stoner-hearted than Charles Ninth and Judas, the wretches still live. Remove has not killed them. We should reverently pray God to lift the nation to such level of love and virtue that the names of Davis and Lee shall be ever hateful to it. (Applause.) Wherever man loves God or his fellow man these names must be heard with a shudder; the Sicilian Vespers; all the fury of the Caesars, mad with luxury and power, could inflict; the terrible words Dante painted, Isaiah prophesied, and of which bedf

ROBERT PURVIS.
A. M. POWELL.
CHARLES L. REAGAN.

MARY GREW offered a resolution (printed last week) pledging hearty support to THE STANDARD.

Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, and others, advocated the claims of THE STANDARD, and urged that additional efforts be put forth to extend the sphere of its circulation and usefulness.

The resolutions before the meeting were read, *seriatim*, and after brief remarks by THE PRESIDENT, CHARLES C. BURNETT, MARY GREW, MR. PRINCE, MRS. ELIZABETH GAY, DR. E. D. HANSON, E. M. DAVIS, and others, were unanimously adopted.

The Finance Committee reported the following:

Cash Collections	\$114.50
John H. Stephenson	10.00
Mrs. Rebecca B. Spring	5.00
Anna E. Dickinson	50.00
John M. Langston	10.00
Isaac Post	1.00
Amey Post	1.00
William Howland	1.00
W. H. Holmes	3.00
E. M. Child	1.00
G. M. Jones	1.00
Agnes Kemp	1.00
A friend	.50
Mrs. E. M. Chayer	3.00
Phonics Fiske	20.00
Elizabeth Gay	2.00
Mary Fiske	1.00
Sallie Holley	25.00
Robert Purvis	10.00
Henry C. Wright	5.00
Mrs. E. B. Chace	5.00
Mary Greer	10.00
Dr. E. D. Hanson	5.00
Joseph Carpenter	5.00
Ethel C. Pierce	2.00
T. B. Pierce	.50
Elizabeth J. Van Evert	.50
E. M. Davis	10.00
Alfred H. Love	2.00
Miss Kate Field	1.00
Charles C. Burleigh	.50
Bourne and Hannah Spooner	25.00
Lucetta Mott	5.00
Mrs. E. B. Chace (to redeem pledge)	5.00
Frederick Douglass (to redeem pledge, Boston Festival)	50.00

Now with such an array of motives, it only remains that we the more firmly resist every wrong

intended or done to humanity, to this phase of humanity, I mean, the black man; every appearance of wrong, and just as persistently press the claims of title of every right. Wherever rights are denied men, especially black men, there stand the Anti-Slavery organizations represented in this Convention as protestant forces, and there stand we so long as we live and have power given us on high to protest against tyrannies. Wherever and whenever inhumanity draws the bloody sword of its oppression we will cross it (so help us God Almighty) by all these words now round us in this Hall, and in this our *later struggle* as in our earlier conflict, we still say as then said the prominent leader of this reform—"We will be as uncompromising as Justice, for we are in earnest. We will not equivocate. We will not excuse. We will not retreat a single inch. And we will be heard." Re-echo that resolve then, to every despot, oppressor, and tyrant throughout the wide universe, whether he sit upon a throne in Europe or at the "White House" in Washington—"We will be heard." Yes, just so long as you give us occasion to speak or to convene. Coming, then, to the last analysis of our motive purpose in these Conventions, you see it is simply this (nothing more, nothing less)—to interrogate, stimulate, and give direction to public sympathy and sentiment on the great question of justice, justice to the negro (and God knows how much that is needed), to quicken and invigorate the popular appreciation of human rights, to renegeate constantly against the gross injustice which we see every day done to the moral instincts of humanity, to resist every aggression on our treatment towards the African race.

We have, here in Boston, a society recently organized with a most humane, kindly intent, under the title of the "Massachusetts Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. It is wealthy and well-to-do association, well officered and represented by what may be called the "upper ten" social power, and well supplied with funds by some of the first gentlemen and ladies of Beacon street and Commonwealth avenues, and what is still better and more significant an "ANGEL" at the head of it—that happening to be the name, at least, of its President. Now some of these same gentlemen and ladies, which I call the "upper ten" of the prevention of cruelty to four-legged animals, *scolded at us*, you remember, and thought and said we were meddling with what was none of our business when we appealed to them thirty years ago for aid and sympathy to prevent cruelty to human beings and immortals like themselves. Well, surely, and without a question, the prevention of cruelty to animals is one of the most laudable enterprises that can engage the sympathies of men and women, and loses none of its interest surely when the animals have two legs instead of four, with average intelligence and immortal souls besides. But we anticipated the whole moral philosophy of that movement fifty years ago, nearly, by the inception of these Anti-Slavery Societies, whose aim just as far transcends that of an Anti-brute-abusing Society, as Fred. Douglass is superior to a doulkey. And cannot some of these good people now so laudably engaged in behalf of dumb beasts, and paying their thousands of dollars to prevent abuse of fine horses and pet house-dogs—cannot they now see that if they had only shared our compassion for the suffering slave of the South, they would just so far have helped on their present object by thus implanting, encouraging, and sustaining the general principle of humanity? What a blessing and help it might have been to us then; yes, what a help to the country, could they have seen their duty as clearly to give co-operation in our larger aims, and how much sooner by such aid might the great work of human emancipation have been consummated, and that, too, without the bloodshed and mourning through which our land has had to pass. And still (as we see it), too much of this work of humanity remains to be done. The social status of our colored brethren is, by no means, as yet what it should be. An appeal, therefore, in their behalf—a consideration of the ways and means by which it may best be improved is surely well worthy our earnest purpose. To such considerations I now invite you, and all the more seriously, because, as I look around here on the dear familiar faces here met, I see that some are a little time-stricken and care-worn; some are invalids now who were once all aglow with health; some of the heads before me are more silvered than they were last year; some, alas, by the course of time and because God has called them, have passed, by death, from the places which once knew them—even so hath passed our dear saintly old friend, James Mott and Mrs. Loring; and others again (God bless them), though living still are not with us, though they did say—"We will not retreat a single inch" absent, forsooth, because they could not see as we do, the necessity of still further work and watchfulness in this great cause, and the need of even *Anti-Slavery* warnings and workings in these perilous hours of the nation's life! There is no mistake about it, friends, we are getting to be well into years in these old Anti-Slavery gatherings. Here we are hard on to half of the four-score years assigned as the aggregate of mortal life. This Convention numbers to-day its thirty-eighth year, and the "American" society in New York, a fortnight since, counted its thirty-fifth anniversary, and both are hurrying on to their fourth decade! You see then we are no longer in our youth. Neither is Wendell Phillips, on whose high influence and motive power we all so largely depend at the times, the younger he once was, when, in the fullness and fiery flush of his youthful and righteous indignation, almost a boy, thirty-one years ago, he leaped upon the platform of old "Faneuil Hall" and made it ring again with his thrilling protests as he pealed and rebuked the recreant Attorney-General, and rebuked so grandly, in that maiden speech of his, the cutting sword of his spirit against that iniquitous wrong the murder of Lovejoy at Alton, and the suppression of his printing press. But here

he is, as he always is when God and humanity call, and here are all ready to hear and ready, also, for any further action, warning, renegeate, or resolutions which the occasion may require; ready, as ever, to contend against all the impolitics and tricks of our statesmen, the time-serving of the church, the inhumanities of social life, and the stolid injustice of our government, so far as they affect this one great interest, the rights, claims, and condition of the colored man.

I will now close by reading an extract from a letter from our friend, Robert Purvis:

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM ROBERT PURVIS.

Could I be with you, and called to say a word to the men and women of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, it would be to repeat the words of our peerless LUCRETIA MOTT, in her letter to the last Anniversary Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society: *That our duties still press upon us, and urge perseverance until we shall have attained to that goal of our labors, to which we are pledged in "removing public prejudice" and securing "equality" of rights and privileges to all classes of American citizens. That this is not yet accomplished no argument. Let me repeat, Our duties still press upon us.*

Your obliged and obedient servant,

ROBERT PURVIS.

REV. JNO. T. SARGENT.

WENDELL PHILLIPS then reported for the Business Committee, and read the following:

RESOLUTIONS.

1. Resolved, That in the defeat of Impachment, the Republican party records judgment against its own capacity, and justifies the Nation for distrusting its leadership.

2. Resolved, That in the defeat of the nation, the dishonored magistrate, the vagabond brawler, the treacherous chief, the stirrer-up of sedition, the mobocrat, the patron of counterfeiters, the pardoner of murderers, the usurper of dangerous powers, the conspirator against the peace of the nation and the execution of its laws, the blither of Congress, consorting with rebels—all these, the Nation finds a President guilty of "high crimes and misdemeanors," and recognizes in those who vote him innocent only his comrades or tools.

3. Resolved, That the corrupt acquittal of the President does not absolve Congress from responsibility for his continuance in office, and his prolonged miracle; that we demand the prompt expulsion of his purchased allies from the Senate, and that the red-headed Criminal be arraigned upon new articles of impeachment, and speedily disposed.

4. Resolved, That in the nomination of "Grant and Colfax," we see only a weak yielding to a falsely-alleged availability—a flight before lions, which exist only in the fancy and fears of the fugitives, unless the dry rot of *Reactionism*, *Transcendentalism*, and *Peace-dogism* has spread through the party much further than its champion's will allow; and that, in our opinion, Mr. Justice Chase and his seven conspirators nominated the Vice President of the Republican ticket.

5. Resolved, That we deprecate and denounce the action of the Republican party at the Chicago Convention in relation to suffrage for the blacks, as in bad faith, and as a practical repudiation of the whole question as a National one.

6. Resolved, That in the second resolution of the Chicago platform, we see a pledge which will mean much if the Democratic party shall attempt to run a race with their rivals, on that line, but will mean little or nothing in any other case, and that the loyal masses lay down the party to its duty, as they always have done heretofore, in every case where duty has been met.

7. Resolved, That in the name of justice to the loyal whites and to the blacks of the South—in the name of National honor, and of the terrible sinners, we protest against the admission of our rebel State into the National Constitution as amended and made to guarantee the suffrage of the black race, and its education, in the same measure that the white race enjoys them.

8. Resolved, That if the rebel States are admitted, as they stand at present, and the negro left landless in the hands of white land holders, we venture to predict, that in a few years, another power, equal in strength, malice, and hate to the slave power, will arise to vex, corrupt, and enslave the nation.

9. Resolved, That those who boast of the Chicago disavowal of repudiation, would do well to remember that it was the Republican party which first practiced repudiation, when—led by Wm. P. Fessenden, the first American, repudiated it for our whole party repudiated our debt to the colored soldiers; choosing, for the chief creditors whom it could safely defraud, men who had neither ability, nor the position, nor the sympathy that would make the fraud dangerous to practice.

10. Resolved, That we call to the memory of those who want the Chicago disavowal of repudiation, that other promises and debts pecuniary ones may be repudiated, and that the Government will never allow itself to be deceived by the promises of the South, to be driven from their homes, scorched, starved, and shot for rallying to the flag or exercising the rights just acknowledged in them, without one effort to protect or avenge them, and against the traitor who repudiated the debt, and now nominates for his successor the military chief who sat by and saw them committed without even lifting a hand to prevent—that such a government is a repudiation in an infinitely more criminal sense than if it flitted from the walls of banks and such men.

11. Resolved, That the so-called Democratic party in its persistent opposition to the enfranchisement of the blacks at the South, and to all attempts to subvert political prescription on account of color at the North, and its support of slavery, slave hunting, and the extension of slave-territory, the severest condemnation of all friends of justice and impartial freedom.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

The Editor of THE STANDARD is absent for a few days in Western New York. He expects to return to the city by the 10th inst.

IMPEACHMENT.

The attempt to impeach the President has failed. It is no longer worth while to spend much time in discussing why. Every one of his views marshaled a cohort in his defense. And we have no doubt, if the whole truth is ever known, that we shall see Free Masonry acting as Quarter-master in that Camp, and Chief Jesuit in that Council Chamber.

But, putting aside such causes of the Senate's action as women, whiskey, cowardice, greenbacks, Free Masonry, Negro-hate, offices for one's sixteenth-Pine-tree cousins, a diseased Chief Justice, spite, dyspepsia and noodleism—it is evident, on the face of things, that while a very large majority of the people, and specially of the Republican party, wished its success, there was a very strong doubt among the party leaders whether such success would help the party. Hence the failure of Impachment. We cannot suppose the Republican party so weak, awkward, undisciplined and inefficient as to let the measure fail, had its leaders heartily desired its success. If the party has been willing to put itself and all its power into Gen. Butler's hands for sixty days, Johnson would not now sit in the White House. Any able man thoroughly in earnest could have carried impachment.

Personal jealousy and dislike of the Radical element has wrought a result which on the surface seems the Republican party, as an organization, beneath contempt. A group of spoiled children quarreling about their toys—a pack of newboys gathered, for the first time, under a school-house roof—these are pictures of the National Senate. A rustic bumpkin caught in a Peter Funk auction room—this is the Republican party. At least this is the public, outside judgment.

We think, on the contrary, that the evil is of different nature. The two elements of the party, the Radical and the Conservative, have grappled, and out of this struggle the Conservative element has come forth victorious. Mr. Fessenden represents an element which was reluctantly absorbed into the Republican movement. In 1860 the question was whether such men should sink—disappear forever—or submit to their conquerors, and wear a livery that belied their opinions. To avoid being looked in silence. As public opinion was always sufficient to whip them into line during the war, we fondly imagined they were but a weak section of the party. On this theory we could only see with contempt what appeared the ridiculous technicality of Stanton's, eating and sleeping in his department rooms. That a triumphant Nation, with the greatest of living soldiers, were to vote, at the head of its army, dared not have its War office room vacant an instant, seemed so ridiculous—like a constable keeper put in possession of a

bankrupt's goods, with a score of sheriff sharks watching him. But the event shows that Stanton knew the Senate better than we. Had he then given them technical possession of the War office, by this time Johnson would have had the whole Capital as thoroughly his own, as is the Senate Chamber. We owe a very large debt to the sagacity of Mr. Stanton. We thought he was representing and dealing with statesmen. He knew he was standing out against Tomba lawyers and a whiskey-ring masquerading as Senators.

For us the value of this defeat consists in this. It shows that thus far the Radical element of the dominant party has been safely deflected. President Johnson has ignored all its legislation; thwarted all its plans; cashiered all who sympathized with it. He is justified in so doing. Senators claiming to be Republicans—men who have hitherto only murmured dissent, but on the first utterance of the public wish have slunk into line—are now bold enough to defy the Radical loyalty of the Nation and flaunt their own disloyalty on the Senate floor. After such impudence the party assemblies at Chicago, and not only does not dare to drum them out of its ranks, but contrariwise, models its nominations and platform to conciliate them. Manifestly the Radical element has been, on all hands, safely deflected, thus far. "Power," says Macaulay, "safely deflected, touches its downfall." We wait to see whether this is the end. If it be, then farewell to the Republican party as such. The lines will be drawn anew. The cause is never lost. That survives forever victorious. Betrayed, it breaks the worthless tools—but only to make better. A white man's government will never rule this belt of the Continent again. Anarchy may devastate it awhile. Civil war may waste it. Conspirators, disguised as President and Congress, may legislate for a time at Washington. But laws stronger than Maine spite, or Illinois noodleism—more inexorable than the law of supply and demand in the market of corruption—have us in their iron grasp. Let whoever may, legislate, *Justice* and *Liberty* govern this land; and out of anarchy, corruption and starvation they will lead it finally to Peace and Law.

We do not believe that the Radical element in this land can be safely deflected. It will yet crush its assailants. It will yet spew forth out of its mouth men like Wilson, who never confess a truth till twenty months after it is of any value—fruffy puff-balls, like Trumbull—greedy camp followers, like Fremont, whom a supposition of the five loaves and two fishes only makes to snarl the angrier at those whose disinterestedness tosses them all the spoils. The force, whose triumphant vigor tempted these men to assume its livery, will yet sweep them from the threshing floor and organize victory.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, June 1st, 1868.

I HAVE discovered a secret. If you have promised to write a letter, and know that you can't do it, and at last are shut up in a lone room, with the last mail sure to close in two short hours, it does you no manner of good to turn over all the seals in your writing-desk, nor to look under the pen-wipers, nor to try a few several pens, nor even to read a page or two of Murray's "Handbook for travellers on the Continent." I have tried them all, and the world is still hollow, and these columns will not write themselves. Such a June day as it is, too, with a parade of the Ancient and Honorable on the Common, and no end of music, and cannon. There was something prettier than all these there, when we crossed those verdant acres this morning. A little midge that could just toddle up to its round knees in the sweet grass, picking dandelions. It had a whole bunch of them in its chubby hand, stems up, and blossoms up indifferently, and it had corn-silk hair, and its precious, rain little mother had put on a scarlet sock, and a little white frock, and a hat with a scarlet ribbon, and it looked for all the world like a fat, small red-birding-bitter and yon. Thanks, good young mother, for the pretty picture you arranged for us, not knowing that we were neighbors of yours on this friendly globe!

If you will insist on knowing all about the Anniversaries, ask somebody who can tell you. It is so many decades since last week Monday, and we have seen so much, that weary memory can recall nothing except that we went on Tuesday afternoon to Park street Church to hear some kind words said about discharged convicts. Gideon Haynes, warren of the Charleston State Prison, spoke most hopefully of the prospect of the reformation of those most unfortunate men. He who lives among them, who sees daily, murderers, burglars, thieves, pickpockets, the scorn, and scorn of society, estimates that at least eighty per cent of these criminals can be made into honest men, into producers, into factors of a noble commonwealth. He sees that drink, ignorance, and poverty people his gloomy wards, and he says, "Do you, good men and women of Boston, begin with the children in the wretched parts of your city. Give them school teachers, and music, and bathing houses, and beautiful Sundays. Give them when they grow up, work at fair wages, and model lodging-houses where they can live in decency. Give them cheap and refined amusements; shut the low drinking-houses, and my word for it, my successor who shall be Warden of the State Prison, will have little enough to do."

He says, also, "Good men and women of Boston, the men in prison already, and coming out, after weary terms of banishment from the world, must be taken care of. They need somebody to give them work, food, above all, confidence. To say, 'yes, you made a mistake once—but there's a man's heart in you, and a man's honor. Let's try again: Here are work, and belief, and money. Now be sure that for me, there are faithfulness and industry, and the old account will be quite squared off, and forgotten. Good friends, I shall do my part to make the men fit to come out of prison; they shall be taught there, treated as men, respected. See to it that you don't make them fit to come back.'" So, in substance, spake wise and kind Gideon Haynes; a man of fifty perhaps, dark, handsome, with a face full of strength, and genial good sense, a military air, and a voice that seems incapable of harsh harshness.

Then rose the new Chrysostom, the silver-tongued; he, the consummate artist, who convinces you that he has no art at all, and, carefully leaning against a pillar, takes you all into his confidence, and with easy grace tells you what his experience has suggested to him with respect to the principle of punishment, and the right of society over the punished, addressing the two hundred listeners as if each were the welcome guest who sat opposite him on the bright hearthstone at home. Fine social philosopher, clear-souled patriot, deep-hearted philanthropist, perfect orator, who who hear him for the hundredth time are insatiate of his lovely speech, and who who listen for the first, sit in rapt silence. O mighty genius, pardon to this unknown atom the audacity which ventures to regret that a too rigid conscientiousness and the stress of the occasion, sometimes lead to a bitterness, and unconscious looseness of phrase, unworthy the large soul that sends it forth. "The pity of it, Iago, the pity of it!"

There is nothing to regret, to-day, however. There are only clear logic, and large sympathy, and a divine justice. "Society," says Mr. Phillips, "has nothing to do with sin. It knows only crime. Nor may it punish crime. It may reach out its hand, and arrest the criminal, and put him where he can do no further harm. And then it must address itself entirely to his welfare, or it violates its right to hold him. It must pay the debt it owed him in his childhood, it must win his forgiveness for the sin of wrong dealing with him which brought him here. He must have a trade, he must have instruction, he must have generous kindness, he must be promoted to places of trust inside the prison as fast as he earns them by faithfulness. He must be discharged, as soon as he has earned a certificate of fitness to appear in the world as a good citizen. Terms of imprisonment should depend entirely on the conduct and progress of the prisoner. He should not be regarded as a sinner under condemnation, but as a student in good life and works, not yet ready to graduate. Then, when he comes out, there is something in him on which to build a fine structure of character. Then, both the man, to whom society owed a fair chance, and society, to whom the man owed a harmless life, can keep the contract." This, and much more which my incapable pen cannot set down, and which this student of human nature, and helper of the weak. Per-

Abolitionist; for I confess I don't see how any man can honestly evade this great question."

"Only think," said Mrs. Loring, "what a blessing such a convert would be! A man of his talent and education, and belonging to one of our oldest and most excellent families. If he comes out boldly, what a powerful influence he will exert."

You can judge of the truthfulness of her prediction when I tell you that the beautiful young man was Wendell Phillips.

What would I not give for a record of all the words uttered, those precious friends! Habitually wise and earnest, often playful, always serene and loving. Prominent as the subject of slavery was in their minds, it was by no means their one idea. Every subject connected with the happiness or culture of mankind interested him; and whatever interested him interested her; for she was the most feminine of beings, receiving all her light from love. I have never known a marriage that was such a perfect union. Their friends always thought of them as one; and one they were in heart and conscience, in large liberality to the poor, in tender sympathy for all forms of suffering. How easily they forgave all errors and deficiencies! How faithful and devoted they were in their friendships! Their genial and healthy influence has been the best blessing of my life. Very grievous it is to my soul that the light of their loving faces is hidden from me. But my loss is their gain. Almost the last words I heard her say were, "I don't want to recover from this illness. I want to go to Ellis." My heart is soothed with thoughts of that meeting. May I be enabled so to use what remains to me of life that I shall not be exiled from them in that higher sphere.

L. MARIA CHILDS.

OUR Editorial friends of *The Independent*, Messrs. Tilton and Johnson, and the publisher, Mr. Bowen, on the 21st inst., received their friends in their new Editorial Rooms, at No. 3 Park Place. A handsome collation, between the hours of one and three, was served, to which all present—numbering nearly a hundred gentlemen and ladies representing the press and the principal publishing firms in the city—apparently did full justice. Flowers were profusely strewn through the rooms, and an excellent band, discoursing popular airs, lent additional interest to the occasion. As may be supposed, the entertainment was conducted on strict Temperance principles; an example, we trust that will be frequently imitated at like festivities. We congratulate *The Independent* on its beautiful rooms, and the large measure of success it has attained in the field of journalism.

FROM BOSTON.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, June 1st, 1868.

I HAVE discovered a secret. If you have promised to write a letter, and know that you can't do it, and at last are shut up in a lone room, with the last mail sure to close in two short hours, it does you no manner of good to turn over all the seals in your writing-desk, nor to look under the pen-wipers, nor to try a few several pens, nor even to read a page or two of Murray's "Handbook for travellers on the Continent." I have tried them all, and the world is still hollow, and these columns will not write themselves. Such a June day as it is, too, with a parade of the Ancient and Honorable on the Common, and no end of music, and cannon. There was something prettier than all these there, when we crossed those verdant acres this morning. A little midge that could just toddle up to its round knees in the sweet grass, picking dandelions. It had a whole bunch of them in its chubby hand, stems up, and blossoms up indifferently, and it had corn-silk hair, and its precious, rain little mother had put on a scarlet sock, and a little white frock, and a hat with a scarlet ribbon, and it looked for all the world like a fat, small red-birding-bitter and yon. Thanks, good young mother, for the pretty picture you arranged for us, not knowing that we were neighbors of yours on this friendly globe!

If you will insist on knowing all about the Anniversaries, ask somebody who can tell you. It is so many decades since last week Monday, and we have seen so much, that weary memory can recall nothing except that we went on Tuesday afternoon to Park street Church to hear some kind words said about discharged convicts. Gideon Haynes, warren of the Charleston State Prison, spoke most hopefully of the prospect of the reformation of those most unfortunate men. He who lives among them, who sees daily, murderers, burglars, thieves, pickpockets, the scorn, and scorn of society, estimates that at least eighty per cent of these criminals can be made into honest men, into producers, into factors of a noble commonwealth. He sees that drink, ignorance, and poverty people his gloomy wards, and he says, "Do you, good men and women of Boston, begin with the children in the wretched parts of your city. Give them school teachers, and music, and bathing houses, and beautiful Sundays. Give them when they grow up, work at fair wages, and model lodging-houses where they can live in decency. Give them cheap and refined amusements; shut the low drinking-houses, and my word for it, my successor who shall be Warden of the State Prison, will have little enough to do."

He says, also, "Good men and women of Boston, the men in prison already, and coming out, after weary terms of banishment from the world, must be taken care of. They need somebody to give them work, food, above all, confidence. To say, 'yes, you made a mistake once—but there's a man's heart in you, and a man's honor. Let's try again: Here are work, and belief, and money. Now be sure that for me, there are faithfulness and industry, and the old account will be quite squared off, and forgotten. Good friends, I shall do my part to make the men fit to come out of prison; they shall be taught there, treated as men, respected. See to it that you don't make them fit to come back.'" So, in substance, spake wise and kind Gideon Haynes; a man of fifty perhaps, dark, handsome, with a face full of strength, and genial good sense, a military air, and a voice that seems incapable of harsh harshness.

Then rose the new Chrysostom, the silver-tongued; he, the consummate artist, who convinces you that he has no art at all, and, carefully leaning against a pillar, takes you all into his confidence, and with easy grace tells you what his experience has suggested to him with respect to the principle of punishment, and the right of society over the punished, addressing the two hundred listeners as if each were the welcome guest who sat opposite him on the bright hearthstone at home. Fine social philosopher, clear-souled patriot, deep-hearted philanthropist, perfect orator, who who hear him for the hundredth time are insatiate of his lovely speech, and who who listen for the first, sit in rapt silence. O mighty genius, pardon to this unknown atom the audacity which ventures to regret that a too rigid conscientiousness and the stress of the occasion, sometimes lead to a bitterness, and unconscious looseness of phrase, unworthy the large soul that sends it forth. "The pity of it, Iago, the pity of it!"

There is nothing to regret, to-day, however. There are only clear logic, and large sympathy, and a divine justice. "Society," says Mr. Phillips, "has nothing to do with sin. It knows only crime. Nor may it punish crime. It may reach out its hand, and arrest the criminal, and put him where he can do no further harm. And then it must address itself entirely to his welfare, or it violates its right to hold him. It must pay the debt it owed him in his childhood, it must win his forgiveness for the sin of wrong dealing with him which brought him here. He must have a trade, he must have instruction, he must have generous kindness, he must be promoted to places of trust inside the prison as fast as he earns them by faithfulness. He must be discharged, as soon as he has earned a certificate of fitness to appear in the world as a good citizen. Terms of imprisonment should depend entirely on the conduct and progress of the prisoner. He should not be regarded as a sinner under condemnation, but as a student in good life and works, not yet ready to graduate. Then, when he comes out, there is something in him on which to build a fine structure of character. Then, both the man, to whom society owed a fair chance, and society, to whom the man owed a harmless life, can keep the contract." This, and much more which my incapable pen cannot set down, and which this student of human nature, and helper of the weak. Per-

haps not one of us who heard him will not be more generous to the tempted, and more helpful to the unfortunate.

Well, on Wednesday, the fanatical Anti-Slavery Society had its Convention in the Melancon. [If that spelling is incorrect, it is much better than the place deserves, and the printer will be good enough not to alter it.] I regret to say that the Hall was so crowded that the aisles were quite choked up, and that one distinguished-looking person in a purple bonnet had great difficulty in getting in at all. But for a resolution of purpose inherited from her Abolitionist sires I fear me that these two columns would have been occupied by other figures—perhaps, by a report of the Finance Committee. I am not so sanguine as to suppose that that would have occupied the same amount of space.

Would you suppose, STANDARD, that nine hundred and ninety-nine persons would come to hear the Anti-Slavery Cassandras in this year of grace the Eighteen hundred and sixty eighth, and of the President the Fourth? Well, they did, three that day, and I believe it rained, too. There were some resolutions, as you know, which roared most urgently, and there were some speeches which made ears tingle in the corridors of Washington, and the general conclusion was that the end of all things political was upon us, and that could not, save us. All this will be set down with much pomp, pride, and circumstance in this very number of you, editorially and otherwise, in speech, and report, and so I sharpen my pen for another reminiscence, and give up to party what was meant for mankind.

It wasn't a party, either, it was a Levee. It was given in a charming house wherein everything is a thousand years old, at least, except the host and hostess, and they live in a perpetual youth of beautiful kindness. It was the quaintest kind of an entertainment where all the Transcendentalists come, and where the one who, from the stars, reads what he here heard about planetary systems, and all the rest amiable disagree with him, as soon as he is done, in beautiful, and incomprehensible English. What would you think of yourself, STANDARD, if you were invited to hear Emerson read an essay on *Greatness*, and to see Whittier, (only, alas! he couldn't come), and Phillips, and the Orpheic Alcott, and Wesson, and Weiss, and that great woman who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and ever so many more lovely spirits whom the imagination of the poet leaves no room to enumerate? I rather think Romans would be inadequate to express your satisfaction. You have heard Emerson read? You know what beautiful simplicity he utters the freighted words—as if they were just whispered to him out of his best experience. He reads as Old Bull plays; as if translating to our baser comprehension, some divine, and unintelligible harmony of the upper spheres. When he was done, there was much weeping, and wise talk, and then—there were salad, and other things to reconstruct the world of God, as a Wale, as Mrs. Gamp observes. Do you know, the Cassandras were there, remarkable in spirits, and appetite, considering the wretched chow in which they had left everything the night before, and I thought I saw a gleam of satisfaction when they inhaled the fragrance of the stately urn, as who shall say, "The coffee-berry is above institutions, and needs no reform."

Then, on Friday, came the most significant meeting of the week. The Annual meeting of the Free Religious Association. This was held in Tremont Temple, and that great hall was filled with an eager, quiet, intent assembly hearkening to hear, maybe, the word of God. There is deep stirring in all the churches. There is much questioning outside the churches. All things march to judgment—society, reforms, the Church, the Bible, the Christ. The men who call this Convention say, "Let us meet together, and see what we can find of truth. Let us have no platform but absolute freedom. Let us have no creed, but the vital faith, each for himself, in every man's soul. Let us ask every form of belief to state itself. Let us offer equal hospitality to varying forms of unbelief. Here, at least, shall every voice be heard."

O. B. Frothingham, of New York—President of the Association—opened the morning meeting in a few clear words of explanation of its objects and hopes. It is not needed that I should speak of this fine scholar and perfect essayist, in whose work power nor falls short in, nor exceeds. It was the protest of a free soul against bars; of a spirit sufficient to itself, against traditions; of a clear truth against faleness. He is an iconoclast who knows no wrath; a smiter whose impulse is love. Freeman Clarke came next—poet, preacher, dreamer—a man slow of speech, and awkward of gait; an ugly man of great gifts. "Leave the moss on the walls," he cried, "if there be rottenness in the stone the moss hides it, and the wall will outlast our day." He loves and cannot leave the Past, worker in the Present though he be. Then came Robert Collyer, a bulky, sweet-souled shepherd of God's lambs, with the blacksmith's swing in his sturdy arms, and a voice whose modulations were learned where the hammer rang loud on the anvil. With the simplicity of a little child he made his plea for the old and simple faith, a faith which to him is expressed only through noble living. He has the magnetism, the red blood of Beecher, with a quiescence of mind, a felicity of plainest Saxon speech quite beyond God bless him! in pulpit and parish, in street and hotel. Out in the great West he is doing a work large as his own heart.

Then came a fine, brave young fellow from Newport, out of the Baptist Church. A saintly spirit, who broke the bonds of sect to testify to his belief in the authority of all human soul to itself in matters of faith, and the largest liberty of conscience. Soldier-like he looked, and I do not know many battles harder fought than this which he "enter" in such soldierly fashion.

A minister of the Episcopal Church comes next, with fervent words for his peculiar faith, and a deep-hearted plea for the Captain of his Salvation, proving his right to be called a disciple by the simple bravery of his standing here.

A woman follows—the Rev. Olympia Brown—a Universalist, who is larger than her sect, and fellowships all believers, whether they call themselves Christians or Pagans.

Then comes a voice from Heaven. A man one-fifth flesh and four-fifths flame, kindles under his inspiration into a miraculous light, and says words that can never be forgotten. "I dare not try to repeat them. Who heard John Weiss can never more be quite as petty as his old poor self."

In the afternoon there were other speakers, and in the evening more. Wentworth Higginson among them, whose gift of perfect English speech is only more rare than the gift of his strong yet sweet spirit, and Wendell Phillips again, and so you know it was an evening not easily to be matched, and that we heard a beautiful gospel of love and usefulness.

But after all, is not the fact of the meeting the great thing? Think of a form where the conservative, and the cultural, and the orderlies stand against the radical, the ignorant, the heretic, and after the one has been tried, the other his unbelief, while the great world swings steadily in its orbit, and the equal stars shine down on both!

Do you care to know more? Ah, but the postman comes, fateful and remorseless as *pallidus mors*, and you don't want me to verify the only Latin quotation I know (and which I was determined to put in), *Littera scripta manet*.

L. G. C.

[FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.]

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, May 31, 1868.
Anniversary week is over. Oh, that I could adequately describe to you the good things that have been crowded into it. Fortunately, the meetings were so arranged that I could attend several of the very best without dividing myself, and being in two places at once—like a bird, according to the ingenious simile of Sir Boyle Roche. Of these I will speak briefly, in the order of their occurrence.

On Tuesday afternoon, in the vestry of Park Street Church, was held the Annual meeting of the "Massachusetts Society for Aiding Discharged Convicts." Judge Russell presiding, in the absence of Dr. Howe, the President. After the reading of the Secretary's Report, Mr. Daniel Russell, the General Agent, gave an abstract of his proceedings for the year. His method of operation is well suited to carry out the idea of the Society, which is to encourage, stimulate and assist every one of these graduates of the prison to pursue, from the moment of his departure from it, a career of honest industry. To this end, with the hearty co-operation of the intelligent and excellent Warden of the State Prison at Charlestown, the Agent makes acquaintance with each prisoner ten days or so before he is to be discharged; he learns something of his history, character, disposition, capacity, and then inquires into his wishes and plans for the future, explaining that the object of this is not to gratify an impertinent curiosity, but that the help he would offer may be intelligent and effective. These advances are always kindly received, and seem in many cases to arouse a hope of self-redemption and reinstatement in a respectable career which had not before existed.

The Agent makes it a point to be in attendance at the Prison in the morning, before each convict is discharged, and to accompany him in his first walk into the world where temptation, and perhaps old companions in vice, are lying in wait for him. Being in correspondence with employers of men in various handicrafts, presents the Agent already knows the right spot for his present pupil, and introduces him to the place in which he should be engaged. If delay is necessary he takes him to a respectable boarding-place, where he can be among honest men, removed (as far as may be) from the temptations of the dram-shop, and relieved from the torture of feeling himself an object of suspicion. If he needs articles of clothing or tools, the Agent procures them; if he has respectable friends to whom he wishes to return, the Agent provides railroad passes, and sees him on board the car or the ship. By counsel, encouragement and active aid, the Agent acts as a kind Providence to him; and subsequent letters from these men or their employers, or details otherwise gained, show that, in a very large proportion of cases these efforts are successful. In the past year one hundred and sixty-one cases of this ministrations are reported, and the wish of the society is to apply it to every prisoner in every prison in Massachusetts.

Addresses were then made by Mr. Gideon Haynes, the Warden, (who bestowed high praise upon the intelligence, discretion and fidelity of the Agent,) and by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, and Wendell Phillips. All these gentlemen endorsed the system adopted by the Society as the correct one, and pointed out that Christian sympathy and kindness (the sort which shows itself in action and not in talk) are the chief needs of the discharged prisoner. Mr. Phillips spoke of the large operation of intemperance as a cause of crime, and of the necessity that law should close its numerous doors of temptation; but, he said, there was another fertile source of crime, the popular ignorance or disregard of that distinctive idea of Christianity that God has given strength to the strong, knowledge to the intelligent, and goodness to the virtuous, expressly that they may help the weak, the ignorant and the vicious; not only individuals, he said, but the community, should feel the need of discharging this duty. The fact that there is a vicious class among us, and an ignorant class, is a disgrace to the community, since it shows that our duty to these has been neglected; and all the best influences that society can wish should be brought to bear upon the prisoner, and continued until it shall be safe to restore him to freedom. Mr. Phillips referred to the success of the eminent laborer in this work, John Augustus, who had been deceived by only two prisoners out of seven hundred, for whose good behavior he had given bail.

In the evening of the same day came the anniversary of the "New England Branch of the Freedmen's Union Commission," at Tremont Temple. In the absence of the President, the chair was taken by Mr. Garrison, one of the Vice Presidents. Dr. William Tompkins of England, the first speaker, gave a report of his glorious labors during some months of travel and residence in the South, and expressed his full conviction that the freedmen would be found on the side of order and progress; he also frankly expressed his surprise at having found indications of prejudice against color even in this city.

The gem of the evening was a speech by Judge Bond, of Baltimore, who had been sent to report favorable progress and continued necessity on the part of the colored people of Maryland, to represent the difficulties yet remaining in their way, and while offering hearty thanks for the aid so far given, to assure his hearers that there was urgent need of more. The zeal, energy and industry of the colored population of Maryland were beyond all praise; but their discouragements and difficulties were very great; and their last hope was shaken by the decision of the Republican Convention at Chicago that suffrage, in the States which had not openly joined in rebellion, must be left to be decided by the majority in each State.

The people of Maryland, he said, need conversion. The influence of Christianity is very greatly needed there, even among those who undertake, and are popularly supposed to teach Christianity. Of two hundred and fifty clergymen in Baltimore, only six favor the instruction of colored children in the schools. A number of ministers, called Christians, not recognizing the duty of helping the weak, teaching the ignorant, uplifting those that are bowed down!

Though the notions of Maryland people in regard to Christianity are thus defective, there is, Judge Bond said, a great deal of piety there. They are strongly interested in the salvation of the heathen. In the speaker's opinion, the heathen at home, the heathen of our own making, had the first claim upon us. He was sorry, after the great liberality of the Commission, to appear with a call for aid; but teachers from New England were indispensable to their continued progress.

Of the three sessions of our own meeting on Wednesday, the thirty-eighth New England Anti-Slavery Convention, in the Mianon, there is little need that I speak, as you will have already received an official report of it. It was highly satisfactory and successful. All the sessions were promptly and fully attended; and from the morning on, numbers went away, unable to get within the door, so densely it was crowded. There was not a moment's waste of time. The prompt speech and clear thought of the speakers well repaid the attention of the audience, who frequently responded with hearty applause. We had sharp criticism and severe rebuke, as usual, of the compromise and treachery of politicians, and of the continued unfaithfulness of the church and clergy; we had differences of opinion, frankly expressed, in regard to measures and the speech applied to them. But there was no contention. The workers in the cause saw eye to eye, and were of one mind in desiring continuance of active labor in advocacy of those rights of the colored people which the Constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society couples with Emancipation as the object of Abolitionists.

Shall I be improperly intruding upon private matters, if I mention a gathering following this, on Thursday morning, in "The house called Beautiful?" The hospitable occupants of this house, Mr. and Mrs. Sargent, gratified themselves and their friends by arranging an interview between some of their co-laborers in the Anti-Slavery cause, some of the champions of theological and religious reform, and some of those people in and around Boston whose wit and wisdom, or learning and science, or grace and beauty, or hearty love for the best and highest things, gave promise that such a meeting would be mutually pleasant. Well, it was not only pleasant but delightful. There were of course only some of each of these sets of people; for it was designed to make them perfectly comfortable, and even the house called Beautiful cannot fulfill that condition for an unlimited number. Neither can I name more than a portion of them. Wendell Phillips and Frank Garrison were there; Edward M. Davis from Philadelphia; Aaron M. Powell and wife and Octavius B. Frothingham, from New York; Thomas Wentworth Higginson from Newport; William J. Potter from New Bedford; Stephen S. and Abby K. Foster and their daughter from Worcester; Messrs. Emerson and

Alcott from Concord; Mr. Abbot from Dover, Mr. Watson from Medford, Mr. Weiss from Watertown; Rev. Mr. Sherman from England, Mr. Richard D. Webb from Ireland; Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Severance, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. George Russell; Misses Cowing, Forten, Ellery, Chandler, and a dozen more as well worth having. Oh, it was a choice gathering.

After an hour or two of miscellaneous social talk, the formation of new and the renewal of old acquaintances. Mr. Emerson, by request, read a paper entitled "Greatness," after which the company were desired to offer comment, or criticism, or any thoughts suggested by the subject, or the treatment of it, at their pleasure. A lively conversation followed, including much wit, wisdom and piquancy, but for only one incident of which I have space remaining. Of one of the elements of greatness, humility, the reader had remarked that a saintly monk of old time had possessed it in so eminent degree, that when Satan appeared to him in his cell, he rose and courteously offered him the chair in which he had been sitting. This gave occasion to one of the guests to say that pride and humility were not so different as they are generally thought, and that, properly understood, they may be considered as different names for one virtue, both proceeding from enlightened self-respect. It was this honorable pride, he thought, in Jesus, which withheld him from making explanations to a person so incompetent to understand them as Pontius Pilate.

After the conversation, various forms of nectar and ambrosia were served for loddy refreshment of the guests, and they parted in time to attend the afternoon meeting of which I am next to speak.

"The Free Religious Association" held its business meeting on Thursday afternoon in Fraternity Hall, and its public meeting through the day and evening of Friday, in Tremont Temple. The Report of the Secretary, William J. Potter of New Bedford, was read at the first of these meetings. It rehearsed the work thus far done by the Association, including an extensive correspondence in this and other countries; stated that preparations are making for the publication of a volume similar to the English "Essays and Reviews;" announced the liberality of opinion which is intended to prevail in their meetings and publications, admitting the views of a brother of the Hebrew or the Hindoo faith equally with those of a Christian; and finally making the following suggestions in regard to the future work appropriate to the Association:—1. The establishment in Boston of a suite of rooms for the Association, which might include also a reading room supplied with proper books and newspapers, and open on Sundays as well as week days. 2. A publication fund for supplying reading matter to the public in the shape of tracts and books. 3. The establishment of a permanent lecture system. 4. The publication of a weekly newspaper as an exponent of the ideas of the Association. Some discussion followed in regard to the ideas and plans thus suggested, the officers of last year were re-elected, and the meeting adjourned.

A very large audience was promptly in attendance at the public meeting, Friday morning in the Tremont Temple, Mr. Frothingham, the President, in the chair. In some introductory remarks he explained the idea and purpose of the Association, saying that these were not political, social, reformatory, nor even Christian, but religious. They used this term in preference, because it could not be confined within the limits of any sect or denomination. They had, however, definite and precise ideas, and they proposed to consider, during their afternoon session, the religious aspects and needs of the age, taking counsel with thinkers of other, and even of widely different ideas.

Rev. James Freeman Clark was then introduced. He said he did not know why he had been invited to this meeting. He had been called a radical and also a conservative, and there was some truth in both statements. He wished to be radical in the sense of going to the root of things, and he believed that Christianity was the root of all that is good and pure in religion. He appeared there, decidedly, as a Christian. He was also a Unitarian. Perhaps it would be more accurate to call him an Orthodox Unitarian. He thought Christianity just as broad as religion, and that Christian faith and Christian work were what the world most needed.

The President then requested the Hutchinson family to favor the audience with some music, and they sang one of their soul-moving strains, recalling the memory of the days when they exercised such a powerful influence in the diffusion of Anti-Slavery ideas. They continue the customs of the "tribe of Jesse," making their own songs and their own music. Their harmony goes to the heart; the ideas to which they give utterance are always elevating and ennobling; they oppose spiritual bondage as heartily as the enslavement of the body, and their genius for musical expression gives the hearer new and exalted ideas of the power of that faculty. They sang several pieces, with immense applause from the audience, and then retired to the morning and evening sessions.

Rev. Robert Collyer of Chicago was the next speaker. He also appeared as a Christian, chose to remain so, believed the leadership of Christ essential, and recounted some illustrative experience from his own passage from unbelief through Methodism to Unitarianism. He was however glad to welcome this new child of God that was being born into the world, and he hoped it would attain a glorious and perfect manhood.

The President then called up Rev. Howard Malcolm Jr., a Baptist and the son of a Baptist, yet kindred with this meeting in feeling, while differing in opinion.

Mr. Malcolm said that though we were walking in different paths, those paths converged to a common goal. Though a Baptist, he favored "open communion," and earnestly opposed all sectarian spirit. He maintained the absolute right of freedom of conscience, and the right of every man to judge of the Bible for himself. His own belief was firm in the divinity and mediatorship of Christ, and in the necessity of an atonement made by him for the remission of sins. But every man had an equal right with himself to judge of those things, no man was authorized to persecute for differences of opinion, and the great test of correctness was the life; what a man does, not what he says. Mr. Malcolm praised the conscientious liberality of Roger Williams, and his own speech was a beautiful example of the same spirit.

The next speaker was Rev. J. P. Hubbard of Westley, R. I., who, like Mr. Tynge of New York, has lately been maintaining his rights as a Christian minister in opposition to his Bishop. The great question, he said, is, what is truth? All church questions are subordinate to this. He wished all mankind to be united in a common band of brotherhood. He testified, at greater length than his predecessor, to an unshaken belief in the prominent points of orthodox doctrine, and rather treasured upon the patience of the audience by reading, from a tract of the American Tract Society, sundry utterances of Napoleon Bonaparte respecting the character of Jesus, and the notorious malefactor were any authority upon such a subject!

Rev. Olympia Brown, of Weymouth, declared herself a Universalist, and gloried in that name, inculcating as the essence of religion the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; yet each of the religious sects, she thought, had some element or feature of usefulness, and would live and do good until that element was shared by others. The great practical question was how we could attain more of the spirit of love and good-will to men.

The speaking of the morning thus far had been (excepting the opening remarks of the President) a representation of the views of the existing sects, though made by persons who combined with these views a spirit of enlarged liberality and fraternal feeling towards men of different ideas. The proper supplement to these was given in a concluding speech by Mr. Weiss, who gave a glowing and eloquent statement of the ideas of the Free Religious Association. He insisted on the positiveness, fullness, completeness of this faith, and its inspiring and satisfying character. He set forth the vital connection of God with every soul among his human children, and the gross and monstrous error of the supposition that any "mediatorship" was required on God's part to bring these children into communication with Himself, or to render their prayers acceptable to Him; and—referring to the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which led Col. Shaw and his noble soldiers to give their lives, at Fort Wagner, for the rescue of the oppressed and the overthrow of slavery—he pointed out the absurdity of supposing that the great martyr of Calvary would insist on knowing their opinion concerning Miracles, Messiahship and resurrection, before he welcomed them as kindred in spirit with himself. I can do no justice to Mr. Weiss's boldness of thought and affluence of language; and therefore, I trust that all who are interested in these ideas will obtain, by-and-by, the verbatim report of this speech, and

of the entire proceedings of the meeting, which are to be published in pamphlet form.

I must spare your space by making very brief mention of the afternoon and evening sessions, though these were also deeply interesting. The former opened with a very instructive paper by Mr. Potter, the Secretary, on "Religious Organization and Worship." This was followed by free discussion, (to the amount of fifteen minutes to each speaker), in which Col. Higginson, Mrs. Dall, Charles C. Burleigh, Mr. Peabody, (a spiritualist), Mr. Pink of Brooklyn, ("a man,") Aaron M. Powell, Francis E. Abbot of Dover and A. Bronson Alcott of Concord took part. A letter was also read from a distinguished Theist of India, reporting intense interest among great numbers of his countrymen in the spread of a reformed religion, and warmly responding to the tidings of the formation of the "Free Religious Association" in this country.

Representatives of several other sects had been invited to attend and speak at this meeting. An orthodox Congregationalist had expressed his interest in the meeting and his readiness to take part in it, but before the time came, indispensable business had taken him in a contrary direction. An invitation had also been given to an eminent Roman Catholic, one of those "Papist" fathers who have been supposed willing, and even desirous, to meet opposers of that faith on the ground of reason, and to vindicate the Roman Church by argument as well as on the plea of authority. The answer to this invitation was reported to the Association without comment; but to your correspondent it appeared an exhibition of priestcraft and hypocrisy which could not have been exceeded by any pretense of that church. From the speaker it would appear that no appeal to reason is admitted in that quarter.

In the evening session, a paper was read by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, Secretary of the Massachusetts "Board of State Charities," on the "Relations of Religion to Philanthropy and Social Reform;" after which came very interesting speeches from Col. Higginson and Wendell Phillips. Miss Lizzie Doten, who had also been invited to speak, seemed unwilling to appear; but at length, being importunately demanded by a large portion of the audience, she came forward and delivered a most eloquent and powerful address, in which she endeavored to represent the distinctive religious ideas of Spiritualism, only of herself, and as the hour was late, she preferred to speak very briefly.

These meetings of the "Free Religious Association" were intensely interesting, and eminently successful. They drew together a vast number of people, comprising all sects and classes; they found fraternal souls among various religious denominations to recognize the right to freedom of thought in religion as in other matters, and to agree that life, not profession nor ceremonial observance, is the true test of character; which could not have been the result in the Association which will lead many to seek the publications which it is about to issue, and to look forward to its next year's meeting as a chief attraction of Anniversary week.

North.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 29th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

In my letter of the 12th of May, I predicted the conviction of the President, by a vote of thirty-six Senators, and the full triumph of radical principles at the ensuing election. I was then under the impression that Ross of Kansas would vote guilty on the eleventh article. That would have secured a conviction of the President, radicalized the public service the next four years, and forced Gen. Grant into the front rank of radicalism. That was the foundation of my hopes, and upon those facts I made the prediction I did.

The result has not realized my hopes and expectations, and we are taught by bitter experience that earnest, radical men have as little reason to put their trust in American Senators as the people of God in earlier days had for putting theirs in Princes. Senators failed us just as the prize was within reach, and rebellion and reaction regained by treachery what arms failed to accomplish upon the battle-field. The consequence is, the Republican party organization is now forced down to the low, timid, conservative level of Cassander, Trumbull and Henderson, and the administration of Gen. Grant will be controlled by the same recreant Senators and their friends. Radicals have nothing to expect the coming four years, but incessant agitation, and an aggressive, organized warfare upon them by the conservative element of the Republican party. The only method left them of securing the triumph of Radical measures is to commence immediately after the next election an organized warfare upon Conservative Republicans—a warfare that will mercilessly defeat every Republican candidate not fully in accord with the most advanced Radicalism, and pledged to carry out the measures of the Radical element of the nation. Such an organized Radical warfare, commenced on the first of December next, would force the Fossendens, Trumbulls, and their intriguing, peddling, gambling friends out of the organization, or compel them to put on the liver of utter radicalism to save their places and enable them to continue to receive fat contracts and grow rich upon government plunder.

As I have heretofore stated, all the radicalism and progress of the nation is lost resting with the Republican party, and the defeat of this organization next election would be the defeat of radicalism. Radicalism can scarcely become strong and triumphant in the future without the success of reconstruction in the rebellious States. Reconstruction can only succeed with the success of the Republican party in the next election. Only by the success of that party can we save the ballot to the colored men of the South, and not without the aid of the colored vote can radicalism ever triumph so as to dictate the policy of the Nation. The success of the reconstruction in the rebellious States is all we can expect to secure the approaching election, and that can only be secured by electing the Republican nominees. Therefore all good Radicals should support the Republican party in order to elect the ten Southern States in the interest of radicalism; with these States we can organize an irresistible Radical power, one that will hereafter control the future government of the republic, and compel conservative Republicans to pay the outward respect to Radical ideas that hypocrites pay to virtue by nominal profession of the Radical faith.

The Republican Senators voting for acquittal claim the failure of impeachment as a triumph of the original Grant men. They were influenced in their course by a desire to aid the success of Gen. Grant and his West Point Policy. I do not say that was the openly avowed motive of all these Senators, but I do say, it had much to do in shaping their course. As a specimen of their reasoning I will relate a conversation with Mr. Henderson on Saturday the 23rd of May, a few days before the taking of the vote upon the second and third articles. Being personally friendly to Mr. Henderson I called upon him and we at once entered upon a general conversation upon the political situation. Knowing me to be an utter Radical, he talked very frankly and without reserve upon the nominations at Chicago and the platform as well as about impeachment. I stated to Mr. Henderson that I thought Senators had made a great mistake on the subject of impeachment—that they were called upon to establish a precedent and give character and quality to that process—that so far as the trial of a President concerned it should be treated as a political proceeding instituted to remove a ruler for political offenses and should not be confined within the narrow limits of a mere judicial proceeding governed by mere technical rules—that there could be no greater crime committed by a ruler in a Republican government than those of obstinately and persistently resisting the will of the people expressed by a majority of more than two-thirds, of their representatives—especially by persisting in that course after the questions were settled by a return of those representatives as in the election of 1866.

Mr. Henderson replied that he agreed with me and had the managers presented articles grouping together his political offenses there would not be found two Republican Senators voting not guilty—that the managers made the mistake of presenting a mere technical case under the narrow rules of technical law.

That is Mr. Henderson's idea of impeachment and the character and quality of that process. It is in fact for me to say how much correctness there is in his objections and views respecting the technical character of the proceeding.

Having disposed of the question of the character of the proceeding, he then proceeded to discuss the effect upon parties. He asked me if I did not regard impeachment as an Anti-Grant movement?

I told him in reply that I unfortunately assumed that

shape when initiated more than one year since and so continued up to February last, but I had every reason to believe the General desired a conviction now.

He stated Grant did desire conviction and he supposed felt sorry Senators voted for acquittal.

He then asked me if I believed Grant would have been nominated at Chicago had the President been convicted and removed early in March and Wade had gone into the White House? I told him I thought pretty strong efforts would have been made to nominate Wade or some representative Radical statesman, and possibly that attempt would have been successful. He then asked me if I did not think the seven Senators secured the nomination of Colfax. I replied I believed they had, and that Wade and not Colfax would have been nominated had impeachment been successful.

He then stated that he was a Grant man and had labored for more than fifteen months to get the Radicals of Missouri to come up to the support of Grant, and had been bitterly denounced by them as reactionaries for so doing. He also claimed the seven Republican Senators voting for the acquittal of the President were the true original Grant men, and that their votes secured the nomination of Grant and Colfax, and but a short time would elapse before they would be justified by the American people.

That is the reasoning of one of the Senators, and that one too admitted to be one of the most talented, sagacious and honest statesmen of the Conservative Republican element. He was anxious to secure the patronage of the next four years to Gen. Grant and his Conservative Republican friends. He had the sagacity to foresee that a few months rule of Radical Ben Wade would place all the offices of the Nation in the hands of ultra-Radicals, the next Presidential term and enable them to rule the administration of Gen. Grant. To prevent that, impeachment is defeated, and Johnson is to reorganize his administration and place the patronage in the hands of Conservative Republicans and West Point graduates. Senator Ross substantially gives the same excuse for his vote.

The course of Gen. Grant is well calculated to give credence to such expressions. He is a direct conviction until the vote upon the eleventh article since which time it is reported he has favored an acquittal upon the remainder of the articles. I have been told Senator Ross claims his vote upon the second and third articles received the sanction of Gen. Grant. It is admitted that Gen. Grant used his influence to prevent an adjournment to the 23rd of June, thus preventing a possibility of a conviction. There is very little doubt but the President would have been convicted had the adjournment taken place.

The campaign is opening as timely on the part of the Republicans as can be desired by themselves. It is the true test of character, the ostracism of the Senators voting to acquit the President and has more confidence to-day in Henderson and Trumbull than in Wade and Sumner. If elected I have very little doubt but Henderson will be his Secretary of the Interior, and have the disposition of the Federal patronage in Missouri and the West.

Gen. Grant is laboring hard to secure the confirmation of Gen. Schofield as Secretary of War. He has visited Radical Senators and requested it on personal grounds. Schofield is a Conservative Republican and warm friend of Frank Blair and Senator Henderson. Last winter a Radical delegation of delegates from the Virginia State Convention called upon him and requested the removal of certain rebel officers and the appointment of Radical Republicans in their place. Gen. Schofield replied to the committee that he could not appoint a "true Radical" Republican as it would not satisfy the people. That statement I have from a member of the State Convention who claimed to be present as one of the delegates.

Notwithstanding Schofield thus hates Radicalism he is to go into the War Department and prevent any "true Radical" Republican from hurting the feelings of any Conservative now sheltered within the walls of that office during Gen. Grant's Administration. The Convention at Chicago has placed Franklin Stearns on the Republican National committee from Virginia. He is an ultra-Conservative and labored hard to defeat the Radical candidates for the Convention last autumn. He also one year ago refused to participate in the Radical State Convention of Virginia unless the white and black men should meet in separate rooms. He did not consider the Radical party respectable enough for him to act with until it was able last October to win the election in spite of his opposition. The influence of Schofield has been such the past winter as to make it impossible for "true Radical" Republicans to win any election in Virginia for many a long year in the future. There is no danger of "true Radical" Republicans offending the sensibilities of rebels by holding office in that State.

The platform of the Republican party at Chicago is a magnificent piece of "patent extensive juggling." Professing to favor loyal suffrage it honored specially a Rebel Governor and refused a hearing to a negro loyalist by managing never to recognize him when trying to obtain the floor. The party too in its interpretation of the terms loyal suffrage and loyal rule, used its influence to keep loyal colored men out of Congress and prominent offices, and elected rebels.

The colored men of the South owe it to themselves and to the Nation to elect some of their race to represent them in the United States Senate and House of Representatives. Had they done so ere this, the Chicago Convention would never have dared to adopt its double headed, illogical political monstrosity, uttering the language of freedom and equality out of its Southern mouth, and that of caste and discrimination out of its Northern mouth—a mere thing talking State rights to the loyal States of the North, and centralism to the conquered States of the South.

Radicals should urge upon the negro the necessity of electing Senators of their own race from South Carolina and Mississippi. The idea of South Carolina sending white Senators alone is supremely ridiculous; negroes make nine-tenths of the loyal population and should elect from themselves one of the Senators.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

OBITUARY.

DIED, suddenly, on 2nd day, the 25th inst., at his residence in Solebury, Bucks County, Pa., JONATHAN P. MAGILL, in the seventieth year of his age.

The sudden departure of our friend from among us was cause of sorrow to a large circle of friends and of consternation to those who knew and loved him. He was one of the clearest thinkers and best minds of the age, and has been actively engaged in all the Reform measures of our times. For many years he had been all but entirely deprived of the power of hearing. He had, however, a wonderful tact and power of intuition by which he was enabled to keep himself well informed upon the condition of the various reform movements, which his clear perception enabled him to perceive as pertaining to the well-being of society. In our public meetings, while he was entirely unable to hear the sound of any voice, it was often noticed that he frequently made most appropriate and timely remarks. As a faithful and consistent member of the Society of Friends he had cultivated that faculty by means of which he could readily perceive the movements of the spirit. He was a very pleasant and cheerful companion, and the kindly smile of his countenance beaming with benevolence, was attractive to all. "The memory of the just is blessed," and that of such a man is a rich legacy to all who knew him. For him we can shed no tears of sorrow, with ripened years and fewer imperfections than fall to the common lot of humanity, the future opened in brightness to him and doubtless the language was, "Well done good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things—I will make thee ruler over many."

We may weep for ourselves, for we shall miss him in the vacant chair, but we cannot forget the bright example of kindness to the poor and needy and the cheering words that so often fell from his lips, and his strong faith in the eternal triumph of good over evil.

H. T. C.

This Washington charter election held on the 1st inst., was so closely contested that it was unknown till a few recent days which side was successful. The official returns give the Republicans the victory.

Gen. Schofield has been confirmed War Secretary by the Senate.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1868.

The recent expression of sentiment by the Anti-Slavery Society at Boston has been the topic of varied comment by the newspapers, and some of our Philadelphia journals have had their talk upon the subject. They have spoken freely, and each, doubtless, in a style and manner wholly self-satisfying. The different criticisms are palpably unlike in the feeling and temper indited, and the judgment and good sense shown in at least one editorial, present a gratifying contrast with the folly and ignorance apparent in one other.

The Evening Telegraph has usually manifested a clear vision and rational tendency concerning principles of justice and humanity, and has given evidence of a sensible recognition of that Society which is dedicated to their promotion. Pending an important political contest, however, this paper, in common with many others, shrinks into the narrow compass of expediency, and betrays the paltering spirit that succumbs to policy. Such a paper at such a time will, of course, denounce Wendell Phillips, and condemn his enunciations of opinion. It occupies a standpoint that circumscribes its vision and cramps its discernment. Hence it cannot understand Mr. Phillips, nor apprehend the nature and motive of the Anti-Slavery Society, which it flippantly speaks of, in a really vexed mood, as a thing no longer alive.

The writer heads his article "Grows from the Grave." We might charge him with a disposition to be satirical, and declare him innocent of ignorance and obtuseness, did he not seriously state, in speaking of the American Anti-Slavery Society, that "Gerrit Smith resigned its Presidency." We may charitably infer that one so ill-informed would naturally describe the Society in the manner he does, comparing it to a lately buried corpse returned to earth, and "taking a part in affairs with which it has no concern."

It is obvious that the writer deeply believes that the negro enjoys all the rights and privileges of a freeman. Perhaps he imagines that the crowning triumph of the black man's redemption is to be among the conquests of the Republican party. In view of the way that party treats the question of negro suffrage in its last platform, timidly broaching it, and absolutely shunning it save so far as to endorse past Congressional action, we may safely conclude that the negro is not flattered by the hope of an early inheritance from that source. If the Republican party skulks from the question, then no other organized body remains besides the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries, to proclaim that the black man shall be elevated to the position of thoroughly fortified American citizenship. Laboring as it does and as it will not cease to do in behalf of this great purpose, how absurd it is to call it a corpse! Such folly cannot be attributed to any one of ordinary comprehension, and the author of the unique discovery, speaking from the plane of party servitude, and the low standard of expediency, naturally glides into the commonplace custom of employing childish epithets as a substitute for rational reflection. The absurdity becomes more palpable when it is remembered that the Telegraph, time after time, has copied articles from the Anti-Slavery Standard, the well known organ of that Society which it now declares was buried in 1864. In a measure the Telegraph itself is afflicted with death.

The other editorial to which I allude, as contrasting so favorably with the Telegraph production, appears in the Morning Post. While the writer remarks that Mr. Phillips "often goes to extremes;" that he "cannot be merciful," he declares that he does not object to anything that he or the Anti-Slavery Society may say. "It is the legitimate business of that Society," says the writer, "to hold itself independent of all parties, and its duty to condemn their shortcomings and compromises. He maintains that justice is to be done in the Republican party, and outside of it, and the following quotation from the article may serve to illustrate the temper and present position of a Radical working with the Republican party, and may be called a plea to justify the action.

"The Republican party has pledged itself and has pledged its candidates to maintain Equal Suffrage in the South. Pledged to this, it is in effect pledged to everything. As surely as the colored man votes in the South, he will vote in the North, and that he votes anywhere is the work of the Republican party. That party is the creation of the negro. It owes its existence to his wrongs; it can only preserve its power by giving him his rights. We share the indignation of Mr. Phillips at those cowardly counsels which kept the Chicago Convention from taking that bold position which would have aroused the enthusiasm of the country, and added to the moral strength of our cause; but we do not think that principle requires that the Republican party should be denounced because its destiny is unfulfilled, and because it is held back by the influence of its Conservative members."

We can wish the Post good speed in its chosen pathway of activity, hoping it may ever be incapable of cowardice, and knowing that it cannot fail to exert a beneficial influence in the Republican party.

W.

Special Notices.

PUBLISHING AND BOOK FURNISHING AGENCY.

The undersigned respectfully announces that he has established a PUBLISHING AND BOOK FURNISHING AGENCY, and is prepared to execute all orders that may be entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Authors desiring a publisher or wishing their works superintended while in press, will do well to confer with him, as his experience in the business and established connections, afford peculiar facilities for the furtherance of their interests. Works of all established authors furnished at the shortest notice and at the lowest rates. Office 39 Nassau street, Room 43. P. O. Box 1416, New York City.

WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, hitherto the carrier of our paper in this city, will act as our Agent, and receive subscriptions and advertisements on account of THE STANDARD.

NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

The STANDARD will hereafter be delivered to our subscribers in this city by the carriers of the Post office Department. Should any irregularity occur in its delivery from imperfect addresses, or from any other cause, we hope to be promptly advised. To provide for the necessary prepayment of postage the subscription price will, from this date, be three dollars and fifty cents a year to subscribers within the city limits.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for THE STANDARD, or who wish to subscribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time. E. M. DAVIS, No. 323 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

S. LASAR, No. 80 CEDAR STREET, N. Y. Notary Public for the State of New York, and Commissioner for States and Territories, etc. United States Passports secured within forty-eight hours from the time of application. United States Internal Revenue—Business a specialty.

THE STANDARD IN NEW ORLEANS—The STANDARD may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans at A. SIMON, Esq., No. 85 Baronne street. Mr. RICHARD MARSH, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for THE STANDARD in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.

Advertisements.

JAMES MOTT.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY MARY GREW WITH TRIBUTES FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS AND OTHERS. For sale by WM. P. TOMLINSON, Publisher, 39 Nassau street, N. Y.

Or S. ACKLEY, 324 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

THE VERY HIGHEST PRIZE.



WAS CONFERRED ON THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE

GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINES, AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

SALESROOM 495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE CHURCH UNION.

"THE FREEST ORGAN OF THOUGHT IN THE WORLD."

THE LARGEST RELIGIOUS PAPER IN THE WORLD, averaging nine columns of Reading Matter each week more than any other competitor. It aims to lead public opinion upon all subjects, and to represent or echo the sentiments of no party or sect. Edited by seven editors, from seven different denominations, whose names are not known even to each other.

Terms per year.....\$2.50
Terms to Agents (for each subscriber).....\$1.00

PREMIUMS.

A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$25, for 25 subscribers and \$60.50 Agents may choose their machines.
WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, for \$25 and 10 names.
"ECCLESIASTIC," for 2 names.
A GOLD WATCH, American Watch Company, worth \$125, for 85 names.
A SILVER WATCH for 30 names, Silver Watch for 15 names.
10 BOTTLES WOODBURN'S VIOLET EXR, for 10 subscribers and \$25.

THE CHURCH UNION is the only paper that publishes HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS,

Miscellaneous Department.

PITY ME.

BY FRANCIS SMITH.

I am a man with a horny palm;
A stalwart back and a sinewy arm.
Why pity me?

I am a man with a tender heart;
Of other's woes I bear my part.
Why pity me?

I've money enough, and some to spare;
Never am deaf to the beggar's prayer.
Why pity me?

True hearts are closely knit with mine,
With ties as strong as ever twine.
Why pity me?

My hand is skilled in cunning art;
Of useful knowledge I have a part.
Why pity me?

But earthly blessings far above
I boast, confiding, wisely love—
Why pity me?

Without which Earth is a barren spot,
Deprive me of it and Heaven is not.
Why pity me?

We have a girl, with tender eyes;
We have a boy, ah! he's our prize.
Why pity me?

Her heart is love, her form is grace;
His heart is strong to "win his place."
Why pity me?

What is there left to burden a prayer?
What can I covet, with gifts so rare?
Why pity me?

All these I have, one thing I lack,
Harken, O man, my skin is black.
O! pity me.

The Bodine.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

ADDRESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, on the 12th inst., delivered a lecture upon Daniel O'Connell, at the Academy of Music in this city. The audience was large, the attendance being estimated at upwards of two thousand. Upon the stand were a number of Catholic Clergymen, and the press and bar were both represented by many of their best members. After a brief introduction by Aaron M. Powell, the speaker delivered the lecture, the imperfect report of which we take from the *N. Y. Tribune*:

Every one familiar with the working of political governments will recognize in our day one word as active-agitation; an old word fitted to a new meaning, and which Sir Robert Peel once defined the marshaling of the conscience of a nation to direct the voting of the masses in regard to legislation. It is a singular fact that the freer a nation becomes, the more utterly democratic the form of its institutions, paradoxical as it may seem. The necessity of this outside agitation, this pressure of public opinion to direct political action, becomes more and more necessary. The general judgment is that the freest possible men and women, the most individual, the least servile to the judgment of each other. But a moment's reflection will show any man that this was an unnatural and unfounded expectation, and that, on the contrary, the tendency toward utter equality and freedom in political forms almost inevitable tends to make the individual subside into the mass, and lose his identity in the general whole.

Suppose we stood in England to-night. There is the nobility, and there is the Church. There is the trading class, and there is the literary. A broad gulf separates the four; and, provided the member of either can withstand all his own section, he can afford, in a very large measure, to dispose and dispense with a judgment in the other three. He is a refuge and a breakwater against the tyranny of what we call public opinion. But in a country like ours, of absolute democratic equality, public opinion is not only omnipotent—it is omnipresent. There is no refuge from its tyranny. There is no hiding from its reach, and the result is that if you take the old Greek lantern, and go about to seek among a hundred, you will find not one single American who really has not, or who does not fancy at least that he has, something to gain or to lose in his ambition, his social life, or his business, from the good opinion and the votes of those about him. And the consequence is that instead of being a mass of individuals, each one fearlessly blurring out his own convictions; as a nation, compared with other nations, we are a mark of power. More than all other people, we are afraid of each other. If you were a caucus to-night, Democratic or Republican, and I were your orator, one of you could get beyond the necessary and time limitations of party. You not only would not demand; you would not allow me to utter one word of what you thought and what I thought. You would demand of me—and my value as a caucus speaker would depend entirely on the instinct and the vigilance with which I met the demand—that I should not utter one single word that would compromise the vote of next week. You would demand as a party caucus that I should hit you exactly between the wind and water of your wants and your prejudices, so that we should count all possible noses at the ballot-box the day after. That is politics. So with the press. Seemingly independent, and sometimes really so, the press can afford only to mount the cresting wave—not go beyond it. The editor might as well shoot his reader with a bullet as with a new idea. (Laughter and cheers.) He must hit the exact verge of the rank opinion of the day. I am not finding any fault with him. I am only describing him. Some three years ago I took to one of the freest of the Boston journals a letter, and by appropriate consideration induced its editor to print it. And, as we glanced along its contents and came to the concluding statement, he said, "Couldn't you omit that?" I said, "No, I wrote it for that: it is the gist of the statement." "Well," said he, "it is true; there is not a boy in the streets that does not know it is true, but I wish you could omit it." Well, I insisted, and the next morning, fairly and justly, he printed the whole; and side by side he put an article of his own, in which he said: "We copy in the next column an article from Mr. Phillips, and we only regret the absurd and unfounded statement with which he concludes it." (Laughter.) He had kept his promise by printing the article; he saved his head by printing the comment. And that again is the inevitable, the philosophical, the essential limitation of a press in a republican community. Our institutions floating unanchored on the shifting surface of popular opinion, cannot afford to hold back or to drag forward a hated question, and compel a reluctant public to look at it and to consider it. Hence, as you see at once, the moment a large issue, twenty years ahead of its age, presents itself to the consideration of an empire or of a republic, just in proportion to the freedom of its institutions is the necessity of a platform outside of the press, of politics, and of its church, whereon stand men with no candidate to elect, with no plot to carry,

with no reputation to stake, with no object but the truth, no purpose but to tear the question open, and let the light through it. From to-day to the dawn of November you will not hear a word of absolute conviction from the lips of the American citizen. He is absorbed in the maelstrom of the great Presidential canvass, and it is a moral impossibility that he should look at a subject except from the standpoint of the chances in the Presidential canvass.

So much in explanation of a word infinitely hated—agitation and agitators—but an element which the progress of modern government has developed more and more every day. We trace its origin probably to the stormy period of the Long Parliaments, though, in general, history gives the credit of initiating it to Daniel Defoe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, and the first famous Englishman noted for flinging pamphlets into the face of the House of Commons. From this day down to ours its genealogy is perfect.

This was the weapon that Wilberforce used when, as Lamartine said, he went up to God with 800,000 broken fetters in his hands. (Applause.) This was the wand with which Cobden broke the tyranny of the Corn laws; and this is the bright sword which John Bright flourishes in the face of England (applause) in the advance toward the ballot and republican institutions. And on this side the water, the most glorious triumph of agitation is no doubt that experiment, now a triumph, in the hands of William Lloyd Garrison, dragging the nation up to justice and compelling it to break 3,000,000 of fetters. (Applause.) On the other side of the water its most marvelous triumph in our day was O'Connell, lifting the masses of North Ireland to the level of British citizens. (Applause.) And it is as an agitator that I wish to take the hour you lend me to-night to sketch very briefly the career of O'Connell. And in order to give a frame to the picture, you must allow me to go back a moment, and remind you of the history of the race in whose behalf he toiled. You will recollect, perhaps, many of you, that Elizabeth three centuries ago claimed that she had conquered Ireland; and from that time down to William III., at the close of the seventeenth century, the English Code relative to Ireland grew gradually into a perfect system. It was just at the close of the seventeenth century that it assumed its final, conclusive, and definite shape. It was the outburst—the Irish Code as we call it. The code of English tyranny relative to Irish Catholicism was the outburst of two of the strongest elements of the human heart—religious hate, and the hate of races. It was the hatred of the Protestant for the Catholic—the contemptuous hatred of the Saxon for the Celt. We are ourselves the most unjust, the haughtiest, the most aggressive, the most overbearing and imperious of all races. Our path, from the cradle down to the present moment, as the Saxon race, is marked by a deliberate and systematic treading under our feet of every neighboring race. And God seems to be teaching us to-day, on both sides of the Atlantic, the same great lesson. English stands at this hour a second-rate power on the chess-board of Europe (applause), not daring to raise her right hand to help a friend or harm a foe within all Christendom (applause), because she knows if she does, Ireland will stab her in the back. Providence is saying, in the events of to-day, to the proudest and most selfish of European powers, "You should be just before you are strong." (Great applause.) And that same Providence is saying to us Saxons on this side of the Atlantic, relative to the victim race among ourselves, the same great lesson—"You shall be just before you are strong." (Renewed applause.) Out of this hatred—and out of that next, perhaps strongest, element, religious hate—came the Code of Great Britain. In 1693 it took this shape. No Catholic peer was allowed to sit in the House of Lords. No Catholic man could sit in the House of Commons or hold office under the English crown. He could not sit on a jury; he could not serve in a Court in any capacity, either as counsel, attorney or jurymen. If another citizen was taxed he could not be a client. He could neither be a guardian nor an executor nor an administrator. Neither could he be a physician. He could not even travel five miles from his own door without a permit from a Justice of the Peace. In regard to his religion, it was \$100 fine a month if he did not go to a Protestant chapel; and a Catholic widow who did not visit once a month a Protestant chapel, forfeited two-thirds of her dower. Four Justices of the Peace could at any moment summon a Catholic into their presence, and unless he would appear by his religion, they had a right to banish him from the Island. Two Justices of the Peace could summon any Catholic into their presence, and unless he would appear by his faith they could dispossess him of all his landed, and of all his personal property. Any Protestant who saw a Catholic in the saddle on a horse of more than £5 value, could take it from him on paying £5. Any Protestant whose ship was lost at sea by the enemy—subjects of a Catholic prince, could go home to his own country and force the Catholics of his neighborhood to pay him for his loss. It was \$100 fine to send your child to a Catholic schoolmaster, and it was a felony for a Catholic schoolmaster to teach him. It was \$500 fine to send your son abroad to a Catholic seminary; and the child who went there forfeited all the property he possessed and all which he might inherit as long as he lived. The Catholic priest who came to Ireland was punishable with death; if he celebrated a marriage he was punishable with death. Marriages between Protestants and Catholics, no matter how many children had been born, were null. Any Protestant who knew of another Protestant conniving at a Catholic holding property, had only to inform of it and take possession. Any son of a Catholic who professed Protestantism, could take possession of all his father's estate. Any widow of a man who professed Catholicism, could set aside her husband's will and take the property into her own hands. And Sir Robert Peel finally added to this long and bitter catalogue of disabilities a repetition of the curfew bell of the Norman Conquest, and made it a felony punishable with several years banishment for a Catholic to leave his dwelling between sunset and sunrise.

The object of the British Government was evidently two-fold. It was to rob every Catholic of his land—the foundation in British theory, of power; it was to deprive the Catholic child of education; and, thus powerless on the one hand, and ignorant on the other, to bind the Irish race into the form of service as the footstool of the British Crown. (Applause.) This systematic effort of British ingenuity and malice, for two hundred years apparent on the surface of its statute-book, is a devilish and deliberate purpose to crush out the Irish nationality by banishing the Irish race from the Island. And large has been their success. Within twenty years the population of Ireland has fallen from eight millions to six, instead of increasing two or three millions, as it should have done. And if to the close of this century the process had gone on as it was going at the commencement, there would not be a single Irish Catholic here owned an acre of Irish land at the commencement of the next century. This was the Code of which Lord Brougham said that the malice of the British Government had so perfectly effected its purpose that it seemed impossible for an Irish Catholic to lift his hand without committing a trespass. This was the Code of which Burke said that it was the most elaborate contrivance to degrade and debase a nation and disgrace human nature that ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man. This was the Code of which an English Lord Chancellor said, almost in the identical phrase of Chief-Justice

Taney, when he infamously asserted that a negro had no rights which a white man was bound to respect—this was the Code of which an English Lord Chancellor said, "the theory of the English law does not admit that an Irish Catholic has a right to breathe. This was the code, finally, of which Montesquieu asserted that it was conceived by the devil, written in human blood, and registered in hell. (Applause.) It remained for a full century in operation, and if it had been possible to carry it out in its full bitterness the Irish nation would be now matter of history. But the convulsion of Protestant England, the gentle courtesies of the human heart, the irrepressible sympathies of neighborhood and relationship, checked the full career of this devilish legislation; and although it remained in effect a full century, until 1793—although it steeped Ireland in blood, and sunk her to the midst in wretchedness, poverty, and ignorance, it still had only a half-way career.

In 1793 the dread of the French Revolution on the other side of the Channel awed England into justice. Ireland has never won one single step from the justice of England: she got all she has got from her fears. (Applause.) In 1793, dreading the effect of the French Revolution, and at the bidding of repeated insurrections, England finally swept away some of the harsh features of this code. Of course, during this long century, Ireland rose again and again in rebellion. Like the classic legend of the giant hidden beneath the Island of Sicily, and disturbing the Mediterranean by his struggles, the weight of the British empire heaped on the heads of this victim people was nothing but one series, for a full century, of hapless struggles for justice, equality and right. (Applause.) But the strongest monarchy of Europe was always conqueror until 1782, when the great protestant rising—for it was a selfish and a protestant rising—mainly led by Grattan and his fellows—summoned the Irish volunteers, 80,000 strong, into existence; but the rising earthquake of French disturbance, and the storm of our young revolution on this side of the Atlantic, forced CHARLES JAMES FOX, at the head of the British Ministry, to concede the independence of the Irish Parliament and put the cap-sheaf to the laurels of Henry Grattan. It lasted but a very few years. You remember that Grattan said with just touching pathos at the close of the century, when the Union by fraud and corruption was finally carried: "I have stood by the cradle of my country, and I follow its hearse." This was the great rising of 1798, when Ireland made her last terrible attempt to right herself with her own right hand. Protestant power and Protestant hatred reaped the fullest vengeance. The militia of a Christian people were let loose on the hovels of Ireland, and the massacre of Glencoe in the time of James Charles and the Dissenters' sufferings, so graphically pictured by Scott, grow pale and dim before the woes of that horrible atrocity. Fathers were shot, their daughters clinging to them, and parent and child dying by the same bullet; mothers were held and forced to look on the murder of their children till, dazed with the sight, the eye ceased to see anything afterward; infants were plucked from the bosoms of their mothers, and tossed from bayonet to bayonet with devilish skill; daughters were violated in the presence of father and mother, to whom the mercy of death was not extended till they had witnessed the fullness of the outrage. The cloud became so dark, so low on Ireland, that it seemed as if she were blotted out from the midst of nations. It was at this hour of despair when one of her barons put into the mouth of the dying Lord Fitzgerald the well known lines:

"Oh, Ireland, my country, the hour of thy pride and splendor
Is past,
The chain that was spurned in thy moments of power hangs heavy
around thee at last;
There are marks in the face of each clime, there are turns in the
serpentine of seas,
But the changes of realms or the chances of time, shall never re-
store thee again."
Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe by links which a world
cannot sever.
With thy great through storm and through cloud thou shalt go,
And thy sentence is bondage forever.
Thou art doomed for the thousand to toil,
Thou art left for the proud to disdain.
The blood of the son and the wealth of the soil shall be lavished
and lavished in vain.
Thy riches with taints shall be taken, thy valor with coldness be
paid,
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and forsaken,
Not one shall stand forth in thy name.
In the nations thy place is left void,
Thou art lost in the list of the free,
Even realms by the plague and the earthquake destroyed may re-
vive,
But no hope is for thee."

(Applause.) It was at such a moment as this, at the very close of the last century, when the hierarchy and nobility of the Catholic faith had given up all hope, and the scattered million of peasantry had settled down into the blackness of despair, that O'Connell, just then admitted to the bar, pledged himself to his countrymen that if they would follow him he would lead them to the level of British citizenship. (Applause.) The first speech which he made was a protest against the Union in January, 1800, at a meeting which was dispersed immediately afterward by the bayonets of the soldiers. He married two years later; he devoted himself for a few years to his profession, and then he became suddenly absorbed again in political agitation. Mark with me a moment the situation in which he found himself. The hierarchy of the Catholic Church, who had seen their flock led again and again to slaughter a score of times in the century, were too sick at heart to venture a new effort; the nobility of the Catholic faith were too dead to lead in the struggle; the peasantry of Ireland, steeped in ignorance, crushed to the earth in poverty, had no weight and no voice, neither organization nor press. They had again and again seen that no man could rescue them except to lead them to the scaffold. Even Grattan, with 100,000 bayonets behind him, had led them only to forfeiture and to ruin. Who should make another attempt? Where were the tools with which to make it? How should he assail the Gibraltar of the strongest monarch of Europe? The law of the British statute book, called the Convention act, forbade any political meeting to associate with any other. It crumpled up society to prevent resistance. That mighty weapon so familiar to us, association—which sprung, like the famous Minerva, from the brain of our Jupiter, Sam Adams (applause), in Revolutionary days always the most statesman-like brain of that epoch (familiar as it seems to us, a great and startling innovation then) by which Adams linked together the thirteen colonies and hurled them, one thunder-bolt, at the British throne (great applause)—was a forbidden weapon to O'Connell. The Government allowed no assembly in one city to recognize the existence of an assembly in any other. He had no press or anything that deserved the name, and if he had his constituency could not read. The long and weary malignity of the code that had forbidden education at home and prevented education abroad had sunk the masses of Irish peasants below the level of any other European race. We sometimes turn with scorn from the Irish emigrant because he brings to our shore ignorance; it were better that we lay one hand upon our lips, and our lips in the dust, remembering that it was the malignity of our own blood, for a hundred years, that dragged him down to that level. (Great applause.)

With what tools should the great Irish agitator work? Seemingly the case was hopeless, all the more so because, pointing Great Britain and his own country to the example of Grattan in 1782, he announced as the cardinal principle of his agitation no political changes worth one single drop of blood. He pledged himself to the British Government that he would never lift the bayonet against its power. He called also to the Irish masses and said, "if you trust me you shall never see either the court or the scaffold." How shall he make the pledge good? No man that did not embrace in one person four qualities could have even looked at the task, but O'Connell combined all to the requisites. The first was that he was born of an old Irish race. Every man familiar with Ireland knows that the Irish peasant believes in nobody that is not a gentleman every inch of him. (Applause.) He must be a gentleman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. In other words, he must trace his lineage back to the legendary era of Ireland, and that O'Connell did. And secondly, at that period particularly, the better class of Ireland would heed nobody who did not prove his physical courage in the field. He must be either a duelist or a soldier. The first leaning of O'Connell, when he went to St. Omar's, was to theology, and thence the report that he was intended for the Church, which he denied; but the early tendency of his studies had given him the strongest conviction against the duel and for years he refused to look in that direction. At last Major D'Este, the agent of the Dublin Corporation, followed him persistently for six months with insults through the public journals, and finally O'Connell consented to a challenge. He went to the field making every effort to avoid the actual meeting, which was attributed to his cowardice; and when at last they were set opposite to each other, he announced to his second that he should fire below the knee, for while he would expose life, he would not take it; but, unfortunately, his bullet was a few inches above, and D'Este died in consequence of the wound. O'Connell settled a pension of £2,000 in favor of his widow, and recorded a vow that he would never again be found on the field. Twenty years later, when Madam D'Este was summoned to court. In the extreme South of Ireland to defend the last acre she owned, O'Connell three miles away, and hurried across the island to volunteer in her defense. (Applause.) This was his first and only duel. Thirdly, he must be a lawyer; not only so skillful, but so repeatedly skillful, that the peasantry, who had never risen against England except to die, might be willing to trust him. And this he was. For thirty long years the English bar with lynx-eyed vigilance watched him to catch him in the meshes of the code of which Rome had said it was so cunningly devised that a Catholic could not lift his right hand without violating it; and yet for thirty long years England watched him, and never did a single man who followed his footsteps feel the right hand of a sheriff on his footstep. (Applause.) Fourthly, he must be a man of some eloquence to lead this million of wills to his own. Of that I shall have occasion to speak in a moment. I will pass more hurriedly over his career. The first remarkable effort that he made was some twenty years later, when, having conceived the project of establishing a press of his own; of being heard by the world, of not being smothered under the roof of a single room, of having this agitation felt by the English mind wherever the English language was spoken, he conceived the project of calling on every Irishman the world over for a penny a week. So disastrous was this at first to the Catholic Association that after a long advertisement of the meeting and a pledge of O'Connell, he said he would go if only nine men would join him. At the end of a month when the hall was thrown open, only seven men stood under its roof waiting, and when he went down to the sidewalk and found two and proceeded to drag them into the room, he locked the door and pocketed the key. (Laughter.) But before these ten persons, met in an upper room in Dublin, within ten years the proudest London Ministry of Wellington himself had to surrender. (Applause.) He commenced his agitation anew, calling the press into existence. The rent gradually swelled until it finally became £50,000 a year. He finally submitted to his countrymen a project of using the ballot which had been conferred upon the peasantry in 1793 (provided they would vote only for Protestants) (a laugh); using it to choose Protestants who would support the Catholic cause. The peasantry of Ireland had no claim to the cottage or the acre on which they lived. They could be turned out at a moment's notice—and it was turned out was to starve on the highway. When O'Connell called upon them to vote for the new Members of Parliament, the first for the landlord's nominee, and the second for his—then commenced a long martyrdom and terrible agony, like that under which the negro bends to-day in ten States with the empty mockery of the ballot at the peril of life. (Applause.) Shield has described with a pathos and eloquence which I will not attempt to quote the sight which he witnessed at the hustings, when a stalwart man of six feet and of herculean proportions, leaning one hand on the hustings, came up, his landlord standing at his side to record his vote—the gift, easy, fearless manner in which he answered that his first vote was for Fortescue, the landlord's man, and his second—agony shook the great frame, a pallor like that of death settled on his countenance. "He saw before him," says Shield, wife and children starving on the highway and begging him to pause. Drops of sweat came out on his forehead. The strong man bowed faintly with weakness; and then burst forth the following cry, and my second vote was for O'Connell's man, and sunk dead in the way. (Sensation.) The next day he beheld hundreds starving on the highway.

The Irish landlords brought down their vengeance with rapid strides. O'Connell summoned the needy to Dublin and ministered for ninety days to their wants. He knowing well that some of the landlords were under heavy mortgages, finally made the announcement: "The first of you hereafter who dares to persecute a man for voting as he likes, let him look to his mortgage, for by the living God we will sell him out." (Applause.) No voter after that lost his cot. (Applause.) The Government had a clause in the Convention act, that forbade any meeting to last during more than fourteen days, and then, with wonderful patience and marvelous industry, with tireless and unflinching toil, O'Connell sent into every great town of the island; organized meetings with President, Treasurer, Secretaries, Speakers, and proceeded, all ended in fourteen days. Then another meeting was organized, with another President, another Secretary, and Treasurer, and other orators—all ending in fourteen days. (Laughter.) This he kept up for a couple of years, until at last the Government sent Anglesy with an order that no political meeting should be allowed for any man, or any party. Then the great Irishman showed his power. No Lord Lieutenant ever landed on the beautiful wharf of Dublin who had not been welcomed by the whole population. The day before Anglesy landed with his new proclamation, O'Connell issued a notice—"Every Irishman who loves England will go to the wharf, and every Irishman who loves his country will stay away."

The Lord Lieutenant landed with his hundred elegantly-dressed officers; and not one Irish citizen went to the wharf to welcome him. (Applause.) He issued his proclamation forbidding the political meetings. O'Connell met it by going to the Dublin Hotel and inviting his friends to breakfast with him and talked politics with muffs and coffee. (Great laughter.) At last, by a step, which, as Voltaire says, "a foolish man would call rash, and a wise man would call brave," he announced to the country that he would himself go up to the House of Commons and claim his seat, and, in 1828, after a fierce contest, he was returned for the County Clare, and went to London

and presented himself at the bar of the House of Commons, the first Catholic that had sat under the roof of St. Stephens for 700 years. They handed him two oaths, one was the oath abjuring the Pope's allegiance, and the other, abjuring the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Said he, "Mr. Speaker, one of these I know to be a lie, and the other I suspect to be one." (Great laughter and applause.) After a long debate the House of Commons, by a vote of 190 to 116, resolved that he had no right to his seat. While this was going on in 1829, the throes of the French Revolution, that unseated Louis Philippe had commenced. O'Connell's influence was beginning to be felt in Europe. Men heard the mutterings of the coming storm. The Iron Duke at the head of the Ministry had watched the convulsions of Ireland, and the Duke of Wellington swept from the statute book every vestige of the obnoxious code of England. They surrendered to the ten men who were locked in the upper chamber in Dublin. (Applause and laughter.) O'Connell went back to Clare and returned a second time to his seat in 1830, opening the first Catholic lips that had been heard in those halls since the days of Elizabeth. It was a triumph that he owed mainly to eloquence that was never equalled. Perhaps you doubt my testimony. If you do I will vouch for it with the indorsement of a man who never loved Ireland, and that is John Randolph of Roanoke. (Laughter.) When he went in and heard O'Connell, the old Virginian cried out, "These are the lips, and this is the tongue of human eloquence." I think he was right. I have listened to the impressive solemnity of Webster, been delighted with the grace of Everett, dazzled with the rhetoric of Choate; I know the iron strength of the logic of Calhoun; I have been beneath the magnetism of Henry Clay; it has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the water; but I think O'Connell, lavishly gifted by nature, blended into one harmonious whole the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the logic of Calhoun, and the magnetism of Clay. (Applause.) Nature seemed to have intended him for the Demosthenes of our epoch. She gifted him with everything that goes to make up the consummate tribune of the people. In the first place, he had a magnificent presence, impressive bearing—unusually like that of Jupiter—Webster himself hardly outdid him in the majesty of his proportions. And this is much more than you fancy at first in the effect of an orator—his physique. I remember Russell Lowell telling us that when Mr. Webster came home from Washington at the time when the Whig party thought of dissolution a year or two before its death; and he went down to a Faneuil Hall to protest, and drawing himself up to his loftiest proportion his brow clothed with thunder, he stood before the listening thousands, and said—"Well, gentlemen, I am a Whig, a Massachusetts Whig, a Faneuil Hall Whig, a Revolutionary Whig, a Constitutional Whig. If you break the Whig party, Sir, where am I to go?" And, says Russell Lowell, "We held our breath, thinking it a fearful thing where he would go." (Great laughter.) If he had been five feet three, we should have said, "Who cares where you go?" (Renewed laughter.) So it was with O'Connell. There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke, and he added to it what Webster had not—what Clay might have lent—grace. Lathe as a boy at 20, perfect in attitude, every gesture a picture, so natural, as if no effort, no art, nothing but nature spoke all over him. Then he had a voice that covered the whole gamut. He could endow the nation with the majesty of Burke. As I heard him once say—"I send my voice across the Atlantic, carrying like the thunder-storm against the breeze, to tell the slaveholder of the Carolinas that God reigns and his thunderbolts are awe, and to remind the bondman that the morning of his redemption is already breaking." (Applause.) Then with the slightest possible Irish brogue—which is the pleasure of it: he would tell a story that would put 5,000 men into merriment, and the moment after he would melt the whole of Exeter Hall into tears. And all the while he seemed to be only breathing as effortless, as woodland nook sent violets up to paint them blue. We used to say of Webster it is a great effort; of Everett, it is a beautiful effort; but you never used the word "effort" in speaking of O'Connell. It provoked you that he would not make an effort. (Applause and laughter.) You said to yourself if he only made an effort what a great man he would be, and all the while you were a slave at his feet. And this wonderful power, it was not indignation; it was not a thunderstorm; he flanked you with his wit, he made you ashamed of yourself while he conquered you. His resources of self-possession were never disturbed. He was once hunting near Derryheighan, where an old peasant friend of his co-laborer in the great work, had been arraigned for murder. Counsel had been for two hours trying to break down the chief witness, who had identified a hat found on the body of the murderer, and sworn by the witness to belong to the prisoner. Counsel could not move him from it. They summoned O'Connell. He entered the court-room and took the whole at a glance. Turning to the witness, he said: "This hat belongs to the prisoner or?" "Yes, Sir." "You know it?" "I do, Sir." "A life hangs on your testimony; are you sure of it?" "I am." "With that responsibility you swear it is the hat belonging to the prisoner?" "I do." O'Connell took it up. "J. A. M. E. S.; this name was in it?" "It was." "You read it at the time?" "I did." "There is no name in it, your Honor." (Applause.) So when he entered the House of Commons in 1830, *The London Times* had always hated him as Harriet Martineau and Mr. Brougham did—and you may read their scandal in all their pages—*The London Times* covered him with ridicule, turned his speeches inside out, made his sentences read wrong, treated him as *The Herald* used to treat us twenty years ago. (Laughter and applause.) Finally he stood up. Said he, "Mr. Speaker, I have toiled twenty years to speak under this roof, and after that twenty years' work and standing here, is it English fair play; is it the justice of English gentlemen that I should not be treated like the rest?" Well, the next day *The London Times* came out with a card of thirteen reporters, saying that since Mr. O'Connell disliked their reports they never would notice him at all. Perhaps you are aware that the gallery of the House of Commons is not open to the public, and was not then. No one has a right to sit there if any member chooses to observe his presence. It is sufficient to say, "Mr. Speaker, I see strangers," and they are removed. The next day, when O'Connell arose to speak, the thirteen reporters of *The Times* arose, folded their arms, and placed their pencils ostentatiously between their thumbs and fingers, as an indication that they should not write a word. O'Connell got up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I observe thirteen strangers in the gallery," (laughter), and they were removed, and that day no man in the House had a line of his speech reported.

The next morning, for the first time, the *London Times* cried "quarter," and said, "If Mr. O'Connell will give up the quarrel we will." (Laughter and applause.) Well, he never met that treatment again for ten years, but when he moved his monster meeting in Ireland, 50,000 strong, *The Times*, again his enemy, followed him with abuse and ridicule, until at the last meeting which he held, *The Times* reporter got frightened for his personal safety, and he went to O'Connell. Said

he, "Mr. O'Connell, I da'sn't go into that crowd." "Shouldn't think you would, sir," said O'Connell. "Have you had any breakfast?" "No, sir, I did not dare to go into the hotel." "Shouldn't think you would," said O'Connell. "Sit down and take some." So he took his breakfast with O'Connell at the hotel. Mr. O'Connell carried him to the platform, sent for a table and put him at it. Said he, "Are your pencils all ready, sir?" "Yes, sir." "Sufficient paper to write a long speech?" "Yes, sir." "Fully prepared?" "Entirely." Mr. O'Connell stepped forward, and addressed the audience in Irish. (Laughter.) He held the masses in his right hand. Carlyle says: "He is a natural king; he melts all wills into his, and doubtless that is the greatest evidence of power." You can only understand it by comparison. Let me carry you back to the mob-year of 1835, in this country, when the Abolitionists were hunted; when your streets roared with riot; when from Boston to Baltimore, from St. Louis to Philadelphia, the mob took possession of the city; when private houses were invaded and public halls were burned, and press after press was thrown into the river, and Lovejoy baptized freedom with his blood—do you remember it? Respectable journals warned the mob that they were playing into the hands of the Abolitionists. Webster and Clay and the staff of Whig statesmen told the people that the truth floated further on the shoals of the mob than the most eloquent lips could carry it. But law-abiding, Protestant, educated American could not be held back from mobs. Neither Whig chiefs nor respectable journals could keep these people quiet. Go to England in '29, when the Reform bill was thrown out from the House of Lords, and the people were tumultuous, and Melbourne and Grey, Russell and Brougham, Lansdowne, Holland, and Macaulay, the Whig chiefs, cried out, "Oh, don't violate the law, you help the Tories! And riot puts back the bill." But Bristol and Blood summoned; and quiet, sober, stupid John Bull, law-abiding, could not do without it. Birmingham was three days in the hands of a mob. Yorkshire blazed with burning castles, and the Duke of Wellington ordered the Scotch Grenadiers to go down to grind their sabers. This was the Whig aristocracy in England. O'Connell had neither officer nor title. Behind him were 3,000,000 people steeped in utter wretchedness, sore with the oppression of centuries, ignored by statute. For thirty years he stood in front of them, and he said: "Countrymen, remember, my countrymen, he that commits a crime helps the enemy." And during that long and fearful struggle, not one Irishman broke the law. (Applause.) There is no such record in our history. Neither in classic nor in modern times can the man be produced who held a million of people in his right hand so passive. It was due to the consistency and unity of a character that had hardly a flaw. The ocean of his philanthropy had no shore. He never took one single lesson out of that devil's gospel, the American system of compromise. (Laughter and cheers.) He never filed down his tongue to be silent on one truth in order to help another. He never sacrificed one race to aid a third. When Kosuth came to these shores—you remember it—he pointed to our banner and said, "Stars and Stripes without a blot—a nation without a crime." And we said to him: "Oh, eloquent son of the Magyar, could not you spare one thought for four million of slaves, more utterly wretched than your own serfs?" And he answered: "I would forget the negro, I would forget the whole world beside, that I could save Hungary!" O'Connell never said that. Sir Thomas Powell Buxton told me that O'Connell entered Parliament in 1830 alone, having toiled twenty years to get there. "The Anti-Slavery cause was so weak," said Buxton, "that the only men to speak for it were myself and Lushington, and we made a set contract that one should always be present when the other spoke, and I should cheer him and he would cheer me. (Laughter and cheers.) At that moment O'Connell entered the House. Twenty-seven gentlemen; who were called the West India interest, the Bristol party, the Slave party, went to him. Said they: 'O'Connell, twenty-seven votes; you have not one—twenty-seven votes if you never will go to Free Masons' Hall with Buckstone and Brougham; if you are never found at an Anti-Slavery meeting there—all this stuff column on every Irish question; stop there, and count us your opponents.' "It was a terrible temptation," says Buxton. A man might almost be pardoned for yielding. But, said he, "O'Connell turned; said he, 'Gentlemen, God knows that I have the most hapless constituency upon which the sun ever set, but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth before, to help Ireland, I keep silent on the negro question.'" (Applause.)

"Never," said Buckstone, "from that day, never did Lushington and myself walk out of the lobby that O'Connell did not follow us." Again, they sent him 1,000 pounds, once from New-Orleans, the slaveholders to the Catholic Repeal Association; the bill was laid on the table of Conciliation Hall, and the Liberator took it up; said he, "God knows how poor we are, how much we need it; but, thank God! Ireland is not poor enough yet to take the wages of unpaid toil. (Applause.) To an Alabama planter who asked admission to the House of Commons, he refused it. Said he, "I do not think a slaveholder ought to be received on terms of equality by a civilized European." (Applause.) A Boston man going to his house in Marion-Square, he came to his door, receiving him with both hands, as was his wont. With genial hospitality, says he, "Sir, you are welcome. I am glad to see anybody from Massachusetts. It is a free State. Walk in. You are a welcome guest." And he drew him into his parlor. The gentleman said: "Ah! you speak of Slavery, Mr. O'Connell. I would like to discuss with you the justice of that institution." "Discuss anything," said O'Connell, "under this roof—anything; but before you discuss the justice of our man's owning another, just let me look up your spoons." (Great laughter.) Well, I left him in 1841, or 1842, in London. He was standing between the Whig and Tory parties. He had fifty votes that followed his bidding, called O'Connell's tail. The Tories and the Whigs were contending for ascendancy. Earl Grey was reported to have said to him: "What do you want? There is a *carte blanche*. Shall we repeal the Statute of 1829 and make you Lord Chancellor of Ireland? It is yours. Shall we go further and make you Lord Chancellor of England? It is yours. Only save the Whig party." Beecher once said, forgetting his calling—(laughter)—that we did not need empty words, we needed deeds—forgetting that there are times when words are the strongest deeds. (Applause.) Here was a man of words, and I left him standing in London, this representative of ten men, locked up in an upper chamber; and he held the Tory party in one hand and the Whig party in the other, and was deciding to which he should give his support. (Cheers.)

"THE SHADOWS OF LIFE.—The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot, and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening before us. Are not, then, the sorrows of childhood as dark as those of age? Are not the morning shadows of life as deep and broad as those of its evening? Yes, but morning shadows soon fade away, while those of evening reach forward into night, and mingle with the coming darkness.—Longfellow's "Hyperion."

he, "Mr. O'Connell, I da'sn't go into that crowd." "Shouldn't think you would, sir," said O'Connell. "Have you had any breakfast?" "No, sir, I did not dare to go into the hotel." "Shouldn't think you would," said O'Connell. "Sit down and take some." So he took his breakfast with O'Connell at the hotel. Mr. O'Connell carried him to the platform, sent for a table and put him at it. Said he, "Are your pencils all ready, sir?" "Yes, sir." "Sufficient paper to write a long speech?" "Yes, sir." "Fully prepared?" "Entirely." Mr. O'Connell stepped forward, and addressed the audience in Irish. (Laughter.) He held the masses in his right hand. Carlyle says: "He is a natural king; he melts all wills into his, and doubtless that is the greatest evidence of power." You can only understand it by comparison. Let me carry you back to the mob-year of 1835, in this country, when the Abolitionists were hunted; when your streets roared with riot; when from Boston to Baltimore, from St. Louis to Philadelphia, the mob took possession of the city; when private houses were invaded and public halls were burned, and press after press was thrown into the river, and Lovejoy baptized freedom with his blood—do you remember it? Respectable journals warned the mob that they were playing into the hands of the Abolitionists. Webster and Clay and the staff of Whig statesmen told the people that the truth floated further on the shoals of the mob than the most eloquent lips could carry it. But law-abiding, Protestant, educated American could not be held back from mobs. Neither Whig chiefs nor respectable journals could keep these people quiet. Go to England in '29, when the Reform bill was thrown out from the House of Lords, and the people were tumultuous, and Melbourne and Grey, Russell and Brougham, Lansdowne, Holland, and Macaulay, the Whig chiefs, cried out, "Oh, don't violate the law, you help the Tories! And riot puts back the bill." But Bristol and Blood summoned; and quiet, sober, stupid John Bull, law-abiding, could not do without it. Birmingham was three days in the hands of a mob. Yorkshire blazed with burning castles, and the Duke of Wellington ordered the Scotch Grenadiers to go down to grind their sabers. This was the Whig aristocracy in England. O'Connell had neither officer nor title. Behind him were 3,000,000 people steeped in utter wretchedness, sore with the oppression of centuries, ignored by statute. For thirty years he stood in front of them, and he said: "Countrymen, remember, my countrymen, he that commits a crime helps the enemy." And during that long and fearful struggle, not one Irishman broke the law. (Applause.) There is no such record in our history. Neither in classic nor in modern times can the man be produced who held a million of people in his right hand so passive. It was due to the consistency and unity of a character that had hardly a flaw. The ocean of his philanthropy had no shore.